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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lettre à la Nation Anglaise, sur l'Union des Peuples et la Civilisation comparée; sur l'Instrument Economique du Temps, appelé Biomètre, ou Montre Morale; suivie de quelques Poésies, et d'un Discours en Vers sur les Principaux Savans, Littérateurs, Poètes, et Artistes, qu'a produits la Grande-Bretagne.* Par Marc-Antoine Jullien, de Paris, Auteur de "l'Essai sur l'Emploi du Temps," &c. 8vo. pp. 50. Londres, 1833. Bossange, Barthes, et Lowell.

THE influences of love, hate, and ambition, are sufficiently strong over the human race to stir the troubled waters of existence into tempest; but there is one passion more powerful than even these, though of a smaller and meaner kind—we allude to *Envy*, which we hold to be the most completely and universally developed principle in our nature. The others have their fiery way but for a time; the empire of the latter is perpetual—the shadow that never moves from our ordinary path, and that rests for ever on each highest ascent. Acting upon the individual, it produces repinings, jealousies, and dislikes; and from its effect on the many arise those national hatreds and prejudices, which are the worst obstacles to the improvement of the human race—a viewless but insurmountable barrier to advancement and to change, and never passed but in moments of that generous enthusiasm, which was left, with *Hope*, Heaven's last, best gifts to earth. Now this *Envy* is born of ignorance; it is because the mental eye of the many is near-sighted, that the good afar off is unseen; and almost all our plans centre in the little circle around ourselves. It is this which has stood in the way of every commencement whose plan was amelioration, but whose home was in the future. Look at every great discovery; has it not been derided in the first instance? nay, there are those in the present day who look upon steam-boats as equally dangerous and impious, and the Manchester Rail-road as a mere tempting of Providence—as if the Supreme Being ever imparted gifts to the mind or body which were not meant for use. The chief benefactors of mankind must necessarily be superior to the generality; and it is this sense of inferiority which makes it so very difficult to forgive their very benefits. Surely a more generous feeling should be cultivated—and this can only be done by information: every attempt, therefore, to enlighten or to instruct—to draw the interests of humanity into closer relationship, and yet take a more extended view of the moral horizon, should be sedulously encouraged. We live in an age of change, and thought is the only preparation wherewith to meet it.

M. Jullien, in the eloquent lecture which led to the above remarks,\* observed, "that the death of a great man was now de-

plored in many lands; it was no longer a national, it was a universal loss." And in what does this originate but in the newly awakened knowledge, that all true interests must also be general interests; and that it is not a sweep of salt water, a range of mighty hills, or sometimes but an imaginary boundary, that can separate the human race?—the good is indivisible, and the only security for the few is to share it with the many. Philanthropy is a modern word, the result of modern experience; it is the patriotism of old, upon a wider scale. The patriotism of the ancient Greeks was confined—consequently selfish. Proud of their civilisation, they desired to keep that distinction to themselves; and, stigmatising the rest of the world as barbarians, were well content that barbarians they should remain. A better spirit is now abroad; and all admit that civilisation has its only security in diffusion. We must allow no Huns and Goths to remain in hidden darkness, again to overrun the world with disorder and destruction. The hand has done its work, but that of the head yet remains; it is for the pen to achieve far nobler and wider triumphs than the sword. The day of tribes and of clanships is fast drawing to a close; mankind must know that they are one mighty brotherhood, and that they must

"Move all together, if they move at all."

And here we cannot but remark how much influence the imaginative branches of literature have exercised in this amalgamation. Nothing unites men so much as any common feeling; and the admiration entertained on the Continent for the works of Byron and Scott has more contributed to create a kindliness of appreciation towards England than any other of her triumphs. Scott brought the past, and Byron the inner, world before their readers, and the sympathy was universal.

The object of M. Jullien in this pamphlet, and in the lecture on Tuesday, to which our foot-note refers, is to facilitate the production of a periodical, to be called "the Cosmopolite and Comparative Review," whose object will be to establish, as it were, a literary commerce between France and England, and to direct public attention to every new discovery which may be an onward step in the march of mind. There are no prophets in literature now, any more than in any thing else, and we will not venture to predict the success of such an undertaking; but this we will say, that it well deserves encouragement. To England it is indeed an advantage to become better acquainted with her neighbours, both as it teaches her to value her own advantages, by the sure test of comparison, and to acquire that just value of the claims of others, which is certainly not our national characteristic. For fourteen years M. Jullien was editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*; and it is a singular and interesting sight to witness a man of his age, so full of the warmth, the energy, the projects, and poetry of youth. We extract two brief passages, which will serve to shew the

spirit and style of the Letter addressed to the English nation.

"Cuvier, whose recent loss has been not less keenly felt in England than in France, justly remarked, that comparative anatomy and comparative geology alone could advance those sciences, which had so long remained in their infancy. In like manner, comparative civilisation can alone advance our actual civilisation, which yet retains, despite its brilliant varnish and its imposing marvels, profound and afflicting traces of its ancient barbarism."

The following passage struck us as peculiarly fine:—

"Already a watch—an instrument become so common, and in such universal use, that scarcely do we remark how wonderful is it as a work of genius—a watch has given a body to time, has fixed by divisions almost material, that the eye can see, that the hand can touch, that the ear can hear, the fugitive moments which compose its duration. Thus time has here given a voice which says to man, 'I advance—and what dost thou?' Like the slave charged by Philip of Macedon to repeat every morning, 'Remember, king, that thou art man;' lest, led astray by the intoxicating seductions of flattery, he might be exposed, like his son and successor, Alexander the Great, to descend sometimes from the height of his grandeur supreme, and his royal dignity, below the level of humanity."

To this Letter are added some interesting poems, and one which should be of especial attraction to the English reader, as it celebrates some of our nobles' names. The sketch of Byron is drawn with great spirit. We now dismiss this slight pamphlet, of which our lengthened notice is but due to the high continental reputation of its distinguished author. Of the details of his proposed *Biomètre* we shall treat in our next *Gazette*.

*The Library of Romance, Vol. VIII. Waldemar; a Tale of the Thirty-Years' War.*

By W. H. Harrison, Esq., author of "Tales of a Physician," "The Humorist," &c. &c. London, 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A LIVELY and varied narrative, full of hair-breadth escapes, love, war, imprisonings, soldiers, generals, ministers, bandits; also a king, an elector, and an emperor; to say nothing of a hero very brave, and a heroine very beautiful. We select one of Waldemar's many perilous adventures, only premising that he is prisoner in an old tower on the Danube, from which attached friends are endeavouring to rescue him.

"Waldemar, towards evening, was leaning over the battlements of his prison, pensively gazing on the current that was flowing rapidly beneath him, when his attention was attracted by a boat, which, being pulled against the stream, made so little progress that it appeared almost stationary, immediately under the tower. The face of the rower was turned up towards him; and, but for the fisherman's garb in which he was attired, Waldemar would have pronounced the boatman to be no other than Carl

\* At Colonel Leicester Stanhope's, in Hanover Square, on Tuesday last, where a numerous assemblage of literary persons were entertained to meet and hear him. It was one of those delightful "ré-unions" so little known to English society, though frequent on the continent.

Wolfenberg. No sooner, however, did the navigator perceive that he had attracted the notice of the prisoner than he commenced an air that Waldemar instantly recognised as one which he and his comrade Carl were wont to sing together. Dismissing, therefore, from his mind all doubt of the boatman being his friend in disguise, the count answered the signal by singing the second stanza of the ditty, which, when he had finished, the other again took up the strain, and applying his strength to the oar, was soon lost in the descending mists of the evening. On the following day, Waldemar stationed himself at the top of the tower, with his fishing-rod in his hand, and continued, with apparent eagerness, to pursue his sport; his real object, however, being to establish what, without a pun, may be termed a *line* of communication with his friend, who, he doubted not, was endeavouring to compass his deliverance from bondage. Wolfenberg, in the mean time, had watched the motions of Waldemar, and guessed his aim; for, towards the close of the day, the same boat was again upon the Danube; but, instead of being propelled by oars, was permitted to drop down with the tide. Carl, however, who had taken his place at the helm, gradually inclined her course in the direction of the tower, and contrived to pass it so close in-shore as to be enabled to attach a small billet to Waldemar's fishing-line. He accomplished this with so much rapidity and address, that had he even been watched by any person from the banks of the river, the action could scarcely have been detected. The count, with equal presence of mind, suffered the maceuvre to pass, without exhibiting any sign of having noticed it, and refrained from drawing in his line, until, having hooked a fish, he could do so without exciting suspicion. The billet, which had been attached to the line by some adhesive substance, informed him that he had friends on the opposite bank of the Danube, who had resolved on attempting his deliverance, and that, if he would take his station, with his fishing apparatus, on the top of his prison, towards dusk on the following evening, a cord, by means whereof he might lower himself from the battlement, would be affixed to his line, and that, at one hour before midnight, the boat should be waiting at the foot of the tower to receive him. Waldemar's friends were punctual to their appointment; and although his fishing-tackle was not of the description of that used by the giant, who 'sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale,' it was sufficiently strong to draw up the cord by means of which it was proposed he should escape. As he was in the practice of remaining until a late hour on the battlements of the fortress, his doing so on the night in question called forth no particular remark from his gaoler, and thus he had full time to prepare for his descent before the appointed hour. The cord, although singly not strong enough to bear his weight, was sufficiently long to admit of its being doubled; and having secured one end of it, when thus twisted, to the top of the tower, he waited anxiously for the arrival of his friends. It was not, however, until the prow of the boat had struck against the base of the tower, that Waldemar was apprised of its presence; the navigators of her having been as sparing and cautious in the use of their oars as possible, in order that the sentinels on the shore might not be alarmed by the sound. Waldemar waited not for any definite signal; but flinging himself over the parapet of his prison, began to descend with a facility on which he was congratulating himself, when he was admonished of the prematurity of his exultation, by the hoarse voice of his gaoler

calling from the top of the tower, and threatening to cut the rope with his sword if he did not instantly return. The menace, so far from producing the effect desired, only served to accelerate the movements of the fugitive, whose sensations, on feeling the rope vibrate from the blow of the gaoler's sword, may more readily be conceived than portrayed. The first cut, which owing to the darkness of the night, was imperfectly aimed, failed in severing the rope; the second, however, was more sure; and Waldemar, when within about twenty feet from the base of the tower, was precipitated into ten fathoms water. His friends, immediately on hearing the voice of the gaoler, had taken the precaution of pushing off the boat, his fall into which would not only have been fatal to his own limbs, but probably to theirs. The rapidity of the current would have instantly swept him away, beyond hope of rescue, had not Rolandi, whose presence of mind never, even under the most trying circumstances, forsook him, seized the lower end of the rope at the time of pushing off from the tower, while Waldemar, who instinctively retained his grasp of the other part of it, was hauled on board, without having suffered any other injury than a sound ducking."

We also select from the notes some anecdotes of Wallenstein.

"An anecdote or two of this extraordinary person will serve to illustrate his character. He once issued an order, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army, annexing the penalty of death to an infraction of his commands. A captain of cavalry, on the promulgation of the order, took off his sash, which was of gold embroidery, and trampled it under his feet. Wallenstein heard of the action, and immediately promoted the officer to the rank of colonel. On another occasion, he issued a prohibition against the commission of robberies by his troops in a friendly country, threatening to punish the transgressors of his order with the halter. It happened that he met a soldier, whom he suspected of having been guilty of plundering, and, without further inquiry, commanded that the 'rascal' should instantly be hanged. The soldier not only asserted his innocence, but proved it, even to the satisfaction of the duke himself, who, however, with a barbarity in perfect union with his character, exclaimed, 'Let him be hanged, then, innocent; the guilty will tremble so much the more.' The soldier, made desperate by the injustice of the sentence, and resolving not to perish unavenged, threw himself upon his judge, but was disarmed by the guards before he could accomplish his purpose. Wallenstein, however, immediately countermanded the execution, saying, 'Now let him go; it is sufficient to frighten others.' Harte gives an amusing anecdote of Wallenstein's early life. When a student at Altdorf, a new prison had been erected for offending scholars; and the rector of the university had given orders that it should take its name from the person who should first be confined in it. Wallenstein's impetuous disposition was perpetually leading him into scrapes, and it happened that he was the first delinquent. When the beadle had conducted him to the door of the prison, he paused, under some pretence, and kicking a little spaniel that belonged to him into the apartment, he shut the door on the animal, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, the prison must take the dog's name, and not Wallenstein's!'"

"So great was his antipathy to noise, that his officers, when in attendance at his levee, were wont to silence the jingling of their spurs, which, in those days, were furnished with very

large rowels, by the application of a piece of silk twist, in compliment to the whim of their general."

We wonder that our dramatists have never selected some subject from the Thirty-Years' War; the period is full of dramatic capabilities; and Mr. Harrison has, with his usual talent, availed himself of a share of them for this Romance.

*Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell; from the Time of the Norman Conquest.* By J. H. Wiffen, M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.; Carpenter and Son.

[Second Notice.]

In a former number\* we took a rapid view of the personal memoirs of this distinguished family, as connected with the conspicuous part which they took in public affairs up to the death of the first Earl of Bedford, in 1555. We shall now have to carry our readers with us in making a hasty summary of the principal events in which his noble descendants figured as actors, up to the death of the fourth duke, in 1771, where the author prudently drops the thread of his narrative.

The election of Francis, Lord Russell, for the county of Northumberland in 1553, forms the first precedent in our history of a peer's eldest son being returned to parliament as a knight of the shire. On the death of his father, in 1555, he succeeded to his vacant honours, and is recorded to have been one of the commanders of Queen Mary's forces at the siege of St. Quintin's, as well as in the battle which preceded it. His attachment to the Reformation, however, is the cause of his being thrown into prison, whence, after his enlargement, he retires to Geneva; is called by Queen Elizabeth, on her accession, to her councils, and honoured with the conduct of several important missions in France and Scotland; receives the appointment of governor of Berwick, and lord lieutenant of the border counties, and concludes his political career as a commissioner in the treaty of marriage projected between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou in 1581, dying in 1585. But few particulars are known of Edward, the earl's eldest son, who died before his father; but the author does not forget to mention the manner in which his third and fourth sons, Francis and William, sustained the honours of their house; Francis Russell being knighted by Lord Sussex for his valour in a foray into Scotland, and greatly distinguishing himself in the siege of Edinburgh Castle in 1573, while Sir William Russell received from the dying Sir Philip Sydney, "as his dear friend and comrade," at the battle of Zutphen, his best gilt armour, and was nominated by Elizabeth governor of Flushing. Nor was this the only mark of her confidence; in 1593 he went over to Ireland as lord deputy, and his services were rewarded by James with a baron's coronet in 1603. His only son Francis, called the "Wise Earl of Bedford," was the fourth who bore the title, to which he succeeded in 1621. He is well known in history as the firm but temperate opponent of the arbitrary measures pursued by Charles I. in the earlier part of his unhappy reign, and was intended by that monarch for the high appointment of treasurer, after the danger to which Strafford was exposed had brought him to listen to an alteration of counsels; but his death, while the negotiation was pending, in 1641, was the signal for ex-

\* Vide Lit. Gaz. May 25th.

tremities, and the civil war soon succeeded. On his death-bed he "expressed his prophetic fears to one of his political friends, that the rage and madness of this parliament would bring more prejudice and mischief on the kingdom than it had ever sustained by their long intermission." The course which William, fifth earl, steered in these trying times, was much in unison with the example bequeathed to him by his father. At the first appeal to arms, he sided with the parliament, thinking, with many others, that the mere shew of strength on their side would the sooner induce the king to listen to a reconciliation; and as a general of the horse, made the decisive charge at the battle of Edgehill, which saved the parliamentary army from total defeat; but being soon alarmed and disgusted at the violence of his party, he joined the king, took out his pardon under the great seal, and at the battle of Newbury "charged with bravery in the king's own regiment of horse, and well behaved himself throughout." Being, notwithstanding, still discountenanced, and apprehensive of the revenge of the queen's party, he rejoined Essex, and took the covenant, but sat no more in the House of Lords, nor took much part in public affairs. In his retirement he was visited more than once by the king, now grown sensible of the injustice of his former demeanour towards him; and he repaid the tardy acknowledgment by liberal, though secret, supplies of money to Charles II. during his exile. His brother John's inclinations were yet more in favour of the king; for he commanded a regiment for him during the civil wars, was wounded at the battle of Naseby, and gained great reputation in many other actions of the time; for which he was recompensed on the Restoration by being made colonel of the first regiment of Guards. But to return to the earl: Mr. Wiffen informs us that he concurred in every prudent measure to forward the recall of Charles II., but strenuously opposed the Non-resisting Test, with other tyrannical measures of the king; and made that memorable reply, in which the feelings of the father, the aged dignity of the peer, and the submission of a subject to his sovereign, were so affectingly displayed, when solicited by James II. to use his influence with the peers on his behalf, during the impending invasion threatened by the Prince of Orange. "My lord," said the royal suppliant, "you are a good man; you have interest with the peers, and can render me to-day essential service." "For myself, sir," said the earl, "I am old and weak; but I had once a son who could indeed have served your majesty."

Of that son it would be idle for us to speak. The whole of Lord William Russell's public life, and the circumstances attending his tragical death, are too well known to every Englishman to make such a notice necessary. On the accession of William and Mary, his attitude was reversed by act of parliament, and in 1694 his venerable father was elevated to the highest rank in the peerage; an honour which he did not long enjoy, dying in 1700, at the age of eighty-seven.

The negotiations which were secretly carried on between the great leaders of the Revolution in England and the Prince of Orange in Holland, were conducted through the instrumentality of Admiral Russell, who had been a gentleman of the bedchamber to James II. when Duke of York. But being driven from court by the execution of his cousin, he was naturally well enough disposed to promote any measure which would drive that monarch from the throne; and having thus lent his powerful aid

to effect the Revolution in 1688, he, in 1692, by the victory of La Hogue, where he destroyed seventeen French vessels, completely annihilated all prospects of James's restoration; though, by the connivance of William, he still continued to amuse the fallen prince by faint assurances of his willingness to support him, and drew from him that Declaration which alienated the support of the Catholic princes of Europe. For these services he was created Earl of Orford in 1696, and made first commissioner of the Admiralty; dying without issue in 1727.

Wriothersley, only son of Lord William Russell, became the second duke of Bedford on the death of his grandfather; but dying soon after the trial of Sacheverel, of the small-pox, was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Wriothersley, aged three years. Unhappily the young nobleman, instead of emulating the example left him by his ancestors, imbibed a fatal passion for play; and so zealously pursued this path to ruin, that with a dilapidated estate, and a shattered constitution, he sank into the grave in 1732, at the early age of twenty-four. But his brother John, fourth duke of Bedford, was a nobleman of a very different character. With a mind naturally strong, and improved by foreign travel, it was to be expected that he would, on succeeding to the dukedom, take an active part in public affairs. Accordingly, in 1744, he joined what was called the Broad-bottom administration as first lord of the Admiralty, changing that post for the seals of the secretary of state for the northern department, in 1748. During the period he held these, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was negotiated; and a commercial treaty with the court of Spain, which the duke of Bedford entirely conducted, was happily carried into effect. In 1752, however, he resigned, in disgust at the Duke of Newcastle's jealous interference with the business of his office; but being reconciled to that nobleman in 1757, accepted the office of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and held it till 1761, in which year he was appointed lord privy seal. In 1762, he left England as ambassador and minister plenipotentiary to the court of France, and concluded the peace of Fontainebleau; and the following year became president of the council, but resigned this post in 1765, and died in 1771. This is the nobleman on whose head was launched that tremendous philippic of Junius, unequalled for its elegant virulence and bitter brevity of sarcasm, which we extract from the letter addressed to the Duke by the "Veiled Prophet," as Mr. Wiffen not inappositely calls him, that our readers may compare that effusion with the statements furnished by Mr. Wiffen.

"Your history begins to be important at that auspicious period at which you were deputed to represent the Earl of Bute at the court of Versailles. It was an honourable office, and executed in the same spirit with which it was accepted. Your patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions, without daring to insist upon any honourable condition for his sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility."

Such is party. Let the reader set aside by side with this, the "uncouth declaration" of Wilkes to Mr. Neville—"if what he heard of it was true, it was the damndest peace for the opposition that ever was made;" the confessions in private of the Duke of Newcastle

and Lord Hardwicke, who decried it in public, that it was an excellent peace; and the annexed remarks of a French writer on the subject.

"The sacrifices made by France were as immense as they were distressing; she renounced the point of honour she had most at heart, the restitution of the ships taken in full peace—her claims on Nova Scotia. She ceded Canada, Cape Breton, and all the isles of the St. Lawrence; she consented no longer to enjoy the cod-fishery, except precariously, at the pleasure of the king of England, who granted her two islets to dry her fish upon; but with the proviso, that she should raise no fortifications, nor keep for a guard there more than fifty men;—she suffered herself to be pent up even in those possessions which had not yet been broken in upon; and a line through the middle of the whole extent of the Mississippi was to mark out the boundaries of Louisiana. In the articles of the neutral islands, England made the division of the lion—out of four parts she kept three; and only relinquished the fourth, St. Lucia, that its climate should serve as a grave to the residents that might be sent to it. In Africa, she reserved Senegal, the most lucrative portion; and gave to France, in the island of Goree, the most unwelcome and destructive. In the East Indies, England remained paramount; upon the coast of Coromandel and Olixia, she indeed restored the factories that had been seized upon, but in the state in which they were at the time,—dismantled, wasted, and deserted. Dunkirk, port and city, was to be reduced to the same state which the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle imposed; and English commissioners, to be paid by France, were to remain for an unlimited time upon the spot, to secure the execution of the article; whilst Spain—Spain, for interfering one moment in the dispute, was compelled to give up Florida and Pensacola; to desist from her claims to the fishery of Newfoundland, and to permit England to cut logwood in the bay of Honduras."

A few additional selections from Mr. Wiffen's valuable and elaborate work will, perhaps, not be displeasing to our readers.

"It would appear from the following anecdote, in which Lord Russell (1545) shews to some advantage, that the whole of the atrocities perpetrated under the king's (Henry VIII.) terrible enactments are not to be laid to his charge, but to that of Gardiner, and others equally intolerant. Sir George Blaze, (a very creditable name, by the by, for a bonfire candidate,) one of the privy chamber, being falsely accused to the chancellor by Sir Hugh Calverley and Mr. Littleton, of some disrespectful words against the mass, was found guilty on the first day of the week, and condemned to be burnt upon the fourth. When his fellows of the privy chamber were apprised of it, 'the king,' says Fox, 'hearing them whispering together, which he could never abide, commanded them to tell him the matter. Whereupon the matter being opened, and suit made to the king, especially by the good Earl of Bedford, then lord privy-seal, the king, being sore offended with their doings, that they would come so near him, and into his privy-chamber, without his knowledge, sent for Wriothersley, commanding him oftsoons to draw out his pardon, and so Blaze was set at liberty, who coming after to the king's presence, 'Ah! my pig?' saith the king to him, for so he was wont to call him. 'Yea,' said he; 'but if your majesty had not been better to me than your bishops were, your pig had been roasted ere this time!'"



In an insurrection quelled by Lord Russell in 1549, one of the principal actors and victims was Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas. With a few better qualities, he possessed some singular accomplishments for a religious teacher. "He was," says the annalist of these transactions, "an excellent wrestler, shot bravely with the long-bow and cross-bow, handled his hand-gun and his piece right well, was a good woodman and a hardy; and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, nor his beard for the washing."

A letter of Francis, the second earl (1566) gives a very interesting account of the murder of Rizzio, which we re-quote, though frequently referred to by previous writers. He says:—

"Upon the Saturday at night, near unto eight o'clock, the king conveyeth himself, the Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and two others, through his own chamber by the privy stairs, up to the queen's chamber; going to which there is a cabinet about twelve feet square; in the same a little, low, reposing bed and a table, at the which there were sitting, at the supper, the queen, the Lady Argyll, and David, with his cap upon his head. Into the cabinet there cometh in the king and Lord Ruthven, who willed David to come forth, saying that there was no place for him. The queen said that it was her will: her husband answered, that it was against her honour. The Lord Ruthven then said, that he should learn better his duty; and offering to have taken him by the arm, David took the queen by the plaits of her gown, and put himself behind the queen, who would gladly have saved him; but the king having loosed his hands, and holding her in his arms, David was thrust out of the cabinet through the bed-chamber into the chamber of presence, where were the Lord Morton and Lord Lindsey, who, intending that night to have reserved him, and the next day to hang him, so many being about them that bore him evil will, one thrust him into the body with a dagger, and after him a great many others, so that he had in his body above sixty wounds. It is told for certain, that the king's own dagger was left sticking in him: whether he struck him or not, we cannot know for certain. He was not slain in the queen's presence, as was said, but going down the stairs out of the chamber of presence."

Sir Richard Morrison was often employed by Henry VIII. and Edward VI. in German embassies.

"His chief excellency was his foresight, which," says Lloyd, rendered even his conjectures more valuable in England than other men's reports of known designs. For he was accustomed to say, 'that his master maintained ambassadors, not so much to write histories as prophecies;' and once, when our ambassador in France advised him of a battle fought the previous week, he drily answered by a long discourse on the battle of Spurs, fought many years before, and concluded smartly and wittily, by saying, 'I and you are not here to tell old stories!'"

Lady Anne Clifford, granddaughter of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, was married on the 27th of February, 1608-9, to Richard Sackville, heir-apparent of the second Earl of Dorset. "The picture which Lady Anne, in her after-years, draws of herself at this precise period, is too curious to be omitted. 'I was very happy,' she says, 'in my first constitution, both in mind and body, both for internal and external endowments; for never was there child more equally resembling both

father and mother than myself. The colour of mine eyes was black like my father's, and the form and aspect of them was quick and lively, like my mother's; the hair of my head was brown and very thick, and so long, that it reached to the calf of my legs when I stood upright, with a peak of hair on my forehead, and a dimple in my chin, like my father; full cheeks and round face, like my mother, and an exquisite shape of body, resembling my father: but now time and age have long since ended all those beauties which are to be compared to the grass of the field; for now, when I have caused these memorables of myself to be written, I have passed the sixty-third year of my age. And, though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body. I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment, and a discerning spirit,' &c. &c."

Of Gertrude, duchess of Bedford (1758), we are told, "She pleased universally; the Irish were charmed with a woman who seemed to depart from her state in the full exercise of affability. The Duchess of Bedford understood thoroughly the full value of court smiles. When she was presented at the court of Versailles, in 1762, to the King and Queen of France, as English ambassadress, the Duchesse de Choiseul, with the view of putting her entirely at her ease, assured her that their majesties were particularly gracious. She answered, 'Je le crois parfaitement, madame; car je viens de jouer ce rôle moi-même.'"

In shaking hands with Mr. Wiffen, and thanking him for the information and amusement which his volumes have afforded us, we should be guilty of deserting our post in the kingdom of literature, and of doing the author himself an unfriendly office, if we forbore to chase from its frontiers any such aliens as Mr. Wiffen has tried occasionally to smuggle in. "In the article of death" (p. 352, vol. i.) is a close translation enough, to be sure, of *in articulo mortis*; whether an English reader would understand its meaning, is a different matter. When the author talks, too, of "imposing a conformity on the diffidence of an entire people," we fear that he is talking, or at least thinking, in Latin; it is certainly not English: and we do not see that the phrase "chief protagonist" is any great addition to the beauty of our language; as the word protagonist itself means, if it means any thing, a principal champion. But these are but specks in the sun: let the author, however, be more cautious in future, nor suffer his well-earned fame to risk even such partial eclipse. Mr. Wiffen calls Macbeth "unprincipled;" but we must remind him that it was the "gracious Duncan," and not Macbeth, who was the usurper; quite in opposition to Shakespeare's representation, who, in this instance, as in the *Merchant of Venice*, perverted the facts, to obtain the sympathy of an English audience. We beg also to enter our decided protest against Mr. Wiffen's opinion of the "naturally good disposition of Henry VIII." He who "never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his desire," does not seem to us to deserve that character, which will hardly be secured to him by Strype's assurance that he obtained much of the popular regard. Hilarity, depending generally on mere animal spirits, and generosity, by which Mr. Wiffen does not mean magnanimity, but a lavish profusion of money, of which he never felt the want, are qualities which can attach the affection of the vulgar only. Self was the god to which Henry VIII. sacrificed; on his altar were offered up innocence, conscience, and patriotism, when the monarch's appetite

was inflamed, his pride wounded, or his humour crossed; and it is not his jovial temperament that will allow us to believe that his disposition was naturally good. We have seen more than one "capital fellow," as his boon companions call him, play the part of a profligate husband, a dishonest man, and an unnatural father; but, happily for the English nation, not many such men have swayed the sceptre, or, like Henry VIII., they would have proved unprincipled and sanguinary tyrants.

#### Of the FALSE Medium hostile to Men of Genius, &c.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

HAVING already entered at some length into several of the subjects broached by the author of this volume, which seemed to us to be most interesting to the literary world, we shall now, as we intimated last week, confine ourselves to only two of his remaining topics. The first comes peculiarly within our sphere of observation; and, considering the extent and influence of periodical publications throughout the community—

"In addition (says the writer) to the incompetency of private judgment in the average of critics, from the above causes, there is unfortunately a strong argument against the independence of their opinions, even when competent. Nearly all the periodicals are strictly commercial in their origin and foundation, which commonly influences, directly or indirectly, all the writers they engage, or else the writers would soon lose their employment. It is the purse, under cover of the politics, that constitutes both main-spring and index. Few of those very few who know and wish to say what is right, can afford to do so; neither can they afford to be silent. Hence the periodicals in general, while they seem to lead, only follow public opinion, which is a far more profitable proceeding. Two or three, however, sell by very virtue of their independence, which has all the force of contrast. We cannot help often observing, that some periodicals, called literary and critical, seldom deign to notice, unless as objects of attack, the works which proceed from other publishers, who have no share as proprietors, or no collateral interest with them; while long extracts and eulogies are continually inflicted upon the public when the works issue from the same quarter as their own journal, &c. In the latter case, 'the most striking passages of a new work are printed on a separate sheet of paper, and duly forwarded to the reviewer,' as a reviewer has pointedly informed us. A rival critic, soon after this *exposé*, accused the reviewer of depicting his own proceedings. If the former had made the same statement first, the other would probably have made the same retort. This is amusing. We agree, however, with the *Beacon*, that such things are fair enough as a mercantile transaction—we only object to the public being influenced by them as literary oracles. The critiques on the drama, also, are sometimes written by the writers of plays and farces, who castigate, or contemptuously dismiss, the productions of others, however superior, and applaud their own beyond all measure—that of their vanity and interest excepted. But the interest of the editor or proprietors, no matter how obtained, can always procure a puff of any calibre, or give an author, artist, actor, singer, &c. the liberty of reviewing his own works or performances. This, however indirectly, is done almost as commonly as by the regular critics. Again, the above writer informs us that some of the smaller periodicals, whose pro-



prietors are not great 'in Gath,' only review the works of those publishers who *advertise* with them: thus the eulogial flight of the critique and length of the extracts is generally proportioned to the *price* of the advertisement. Enough of this mercantile question."

It would certainly be enough of the mercantile question, were it not that it also so deeply involved the literary question, and the grand speculation of our day relative to the education of the lower orders and the supply of useful and intellectual food for the newly created multitudinous appetite. If the well-springs and sources of information and instruction are impure and poisoned, it were better that the people never tasted, than that they drank continually of their waters. Better not be taught what the thirst is, even better, being once so taught, to endure that thirst, than to seek to quench it in deleterious and unhealthy fountains. And this is one of the prevalent errors and evils of our time. As in the case of natural medical spas of great virtue and efficacy, we are inundated with imitations; and mock Buxtons, Harrogates, Cheltenham, and other well-placarded compositions, offer their nauseous and noxious draughts at every corner. They cannot even be negative and harmless; for they usurp the place of that which would produce good, and thus, if not actively mischievous, are passively and practically injurious.

We are always averse to refer to our own journal; but as it is impossible to illustrate this subject except from experience, we trust that aught like personal allusion which may occur in the few words we have to say, will be tolerated for the sake of the important general points at issue.

It is true that many reviews and magazines are too much mercantile speculations; with little of any admixture of that which ought to be their genuine spirit, an ardent desire to cultivate the literature of their country, and to promote the interests of our social union. But public opinion tends strongly to correct this undeserving effort; and such works rarely attain a circulation to compensate, in a sordid sense, the toil and trouble which attend them. Others adopt a political principle or religious creed, and are supported by those who are of the same way of thinking; but, in this case, there must be as much unity and integrity of purpose as if the design were not originally commercial or intended for a profitable return: therefore the motive is of no consequence; the execution of the design being unwarping by it.

With respect to writers' losing their employment unless they shape themselves to please the proprietors, it is, to a limited extent, true; but only to a limited extent, for the field is too vast to admit of the views of any set of proprietors being sufficient to occupy more than a portion; and the rest, at least, is open ground for the free exercise of talent. This, as far as it goes, must operate favourably in every periodical published: in our own instance, it has been the very cause and essence of our unprecedented success. We trust that when we embarked in this concern we entertained higher sentiments than the stimulus of mere gain could excite; but we are ready to confess that without the prospect of some gain we should have paused on undertaking so new and costly a speculation; and without the realisation of very considerable gain, we should either have dropped its onerous labours altogether long ago, or ceased to carry it on with every possible exertion for its improvement and extended utility. Having thus confessed to a participation in the desire for pecuniary reward, we

will only venture to add, that, being fixed and indissimible (and what is more, absolutely despotic) in our office, our only means of accomplishing our purpose was to disregard all other interests, and zealously endeavour to promote our own by obtaining the suffrage of the public. So it is, therefore, in some literary pursuits that self-interest is an excellent moving lever towards the honest discharge of critical and national duties. An editor so circumstanced can not only afford to "say what is right," but he can have no other bias, unless he is addle-headed enough to fancy that peculiar and individual gratitude (if he can procure that rare commodity) will do more for him than universal acceptance and confidence.

It follows from these observations, that the base idea of partiality towards parties with whom business may connect an independent writer, and hostility to others of whom he may know less, cannot in any case whatever operate in the degree alleged—in our own case, having nothing to care from either, it cannot operate at all, even were we disposed to sacrifice principle to fallacious expectations. But no man of long standing, or of any fair consideration in our literary world, can be the tool of short-sighted connexions. He must feel that he could not serve them by following the course stated by the author; and the extent and intimacy of his personal intercourse with all the respectable portion of the press must set him far beyond individual partialities, and yet more odious individual hostilities. Unworthy, indeed, of the post of a public organ would he be, who could not balance his mind above the petty prejudices and temporary inducements or provocatives of the competition around him; and dare to chalk out a more honourable career, and look for a more lasting reward in superior motives and equal conduct.

It is only among the lower classes of periodicals, struggling for existence, that the contemptible subserviency to publishers, or advertisers, or such other parties as have the power of helping the job in a small way, is a system; and be sure that these are the loud proclaimers of their own incorruptibility, and violent accusers of their honest contemporaries.

Most of these publications (holding no station to command attention) are obliged to beg for what comes to the more fortunate and esteemed as matter of course. They invariably employ agents and collectors, at so much per cent, to run about, and solicit advertisements, for example, at low prices; or, if they pretend to be literary, early copies or bits of new books, under promise of the *quid pro quo*. And, it is obvious that where favours are begged, favours must be returned: it is only by being above the necessity of asking that true independence can be preserved. If established for the encouragement of merit, and proved by time to be devoted to that end, a periodical (if its own exertions entitle it to approbation) will succeed to that circulation which renders the glut of advertising absolutely inconvenient, and to all that priority of intelligence of every kind which invariably seeks the fittest channel for diffusion. It can therefore despise the hunting for the former, or cackling like a goose about any loose chance of the latter. By these significant marks of insignificance, a correct judgment may readily be formed, if readers choose to inquire into the actual state of the trade.

When any tolerably sensible mortal walks down Oxford Street, Holborn, or Cheapside, and sees ticketed in the shop windows goods selling off at reduced prices, at half price, or under prime cost, it strikes him either that the

said goods have been stolen, are of a bad quality vamped up to resemble what they are not, or that the seller is a swindler, about to disappear as soon as his roguery explodes. And similar reasoning applies to the products of the press. The inferior articles are the puffed miracles of genius and of all other admirable properties; the half-priced, reduced-priced, and under-prime-cost affairs, are but varieties of the vamped up and swindling. What is really valuable cannot be produced without much labour, at its just compensation; or without skill and ability in the manufacture of the article, which must be remunerated by an adequate expenditure. Bad workmen are dear at any wages: excellent artisans and artists are cheap at twenty times the amount. What is it that is at this moment rendering the mass of our publishing so utterly wretched? The commonest backs are busied in compilation upon compilation, without a thought, without an inquiry into facts to ascertain or rectify what has gone before, and, in short, without one merit to recommend them to supersede older and infinitely better books. A catalogue of the sterling works which have appeared within the last ten years would cost wonderfully little in printing. The same deterioration attends the multitude of what are called cheap periodicals, simply because a small sum of money is their market price, as if that which was pitifully low was not likely to be extravagantly high. But it is chiefly because they are held up, by the unreflecting and the interested, to be so largely beneficial to the generality of the people, that we are induced to insist upon their opposite effect. Let a man in humble life read a succession of such papers continually for a year or two; and we will engage to shew that, instead of having rendered him more intelligent, they shall have destroyed the natural shrewdness and gifts with which he was blessed, and which served him in good stead in all that concerned him in his station, and planted vague notions and ignorance in their place.

A shallow flood ruins soil and crop; judicious irrigation fertilises the one, and improves the other.

We hope that we have not been too prolix in this discussion; but the matter is of considerable consequence in itself, and we more than suspect that the public in general are very dubiously enlightened upon it; partly from taking many assertions too readily on trust, partly from being led to believe fallacies if repeated often enough, partly from the prevalence of the "cut and dry system," partly from relying on false oracles, and partly from indolence, not caring to encounter any trouble about the matter.

Whether we happen to be one of the "two or three" instanced by the author as of the right sort, we cannot tell; but we can tell him that it is impossible for us to be among those who follow public opinion and do not lead it, since as we are always compelled to give our opinion before we can hear that of the public in any shape, it is clear that we cannot belong to the *imitatores seruum pecus*. And, to conclude, we utterly deny the assertion that interest can always procure an author, artist, actor, or singer, an opportunity of criticising his own works or performances: we will place seventeen years' volumes of the *Literary Gazette* in his hands, marked with the names of every contributor, and we will give him a reward of fifty times as much as he has got by his volume for every instance of such dishonesty, if he will consent to pay us only one shilling per Number for the pleasure of the examination. \* \* \* \*

The last topic in this volume to which we shall allude is, the author's plan to cure all the grievous ills of which he complains; which is by "the establishment of a Society of English Literature and Art, &c. for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge; and that this should be carried progressively onwards till enabled by its funds to erect itself into a regular final college, as a rightful place of reference and natural result for all the other colleges; or rather, to speak comprehensively, and more consistently, for all superior efforts of human faculties.

"Peradventure (he doubtfully adds), we shall be told that this idea is somewhat Utopian;" but we rather imagine he will be told that it is Utopian altogether. The details are ludicrous: the professors, or judges and umpires of this final regular resulting college are to be persons who have produced the best works of the kind in their given departments. But then, who are to decide upon these judges? who are to determine their status? Genius is to turn the tables upon ignorance, by the simple process of there being no "gowned" tyrant left to impede its overwhelming tabular powers; and there being no such passions as envy, jealousy, or malice belonging to the heads of the new college, epic poets are to cherish rising epic writers, tragic authors are to bring forward another generation of the votaries of Melpomene to push them from their stools, successful novelists are to pet up popular successors in that branch of literature; George Colman is especially to stand godfather to all farce writers (p. 290), as a reward or a punishment (we don't know which) for having written *Broad Grins* and *More Broad Grins*; and, in short, every literary bantling is to be nursed, after its kind, by an old professor of the same genus. "And thus, every professor keeping his proper place, all the other departments, as history, moral philosophy, science, classics, all the fine arts, mechanics, &c., would have their competent judges."

When thus all comfortably reared, placed in their proper places, and arranged *nulli secundum artem* (bad Latin, we fear), annuities for life, from 300*l.* downwards, should testify the relative value and estimation of the genius of England. "Does this look Utopian now?" exclaims the satisfied projector. To which we shall only append a bit of a quotation from *Macbeth*:

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has."

By the by, we forgot to notice that in this bubble there are to be "no public dinners at the expense of the fund;" there are "no valuable libraries to be purchased;" and the establishment is to be kept up "for the natural support of living authors!" The natural support of the dead may, the projector thinks, be left to cemetery companies and Prince Posterity.

But our time has come. We take the writer of this volume to be a clever, but over-conceited, rather shallow, and pretty considerably disappointed person. It is difficult, he may be assured, to see clearly through such prejudices and passions as he manifests; and he may also without offence be told, that even without these drawbacks, he is deficient in that comprehensiveness of mind which is essential to the philosophical view of the varied and complicated relations that must exist in a social system matured by centuries of gradual change and expedient alteration. "A truly great mind (justly observes a correspondent of ours, by whose good opinion of our sentiments in

reviewing this book we are gratified)—a truly great mind, ambitious less of immediate personal aggrandisement than the realisation of an abstract excellence, and the cultivation of great intellectual pursuits, brings to its aid, when suffering under the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, not the virulence and rancour of a misguided judgment, and inflexibility of an obdurate heart, but the soothing calmness and the philosophic resignation of a lofty, though wounded spirit—a spirit bent with a martyr-like devotion to the accomplishment of a fixed purpose, and which regards the many obstacles and sorrows in its way as so many powerful incentives to greater and more vigorous exertions."

When such spirits have happily soared above the troubles and struggles of their rise, how glorious is the triumph!

#### Galt's Autobiography.

[Conclusion.]

In his eighth Epoch Galt became a newspaper editor, and thus gives us the fruits of the knowledge he acquired in that capacity.

"No species of literature affords so wide a scope for arrogance, or calls for less knowledge, than the editorship of a newspaper. But it does require some knowledge, though of a kind not very worshipping. An editor ought to be acquainted with the private history of public men, and the more invidious his information is, the greater will be his advantage, for somehow the world thinks that base and bad motives have a stronger, a more acrid influence over human affairs than they really have, because the sordid prudent preach that mankind should be treated as rogues, till they are found to be only fools. But such preachers, however, prove that they should not themselves be trusted. He is actuated by another than a wicked spring of action, who believes himself capable of voluntarily injuring others. It is, however, too much the case with newspaper editors to represent the political adversaries whom they, for a time, may find it expedient to assail, as instigated by derelict and sinister intentions. And the morality of society is, perhaps, fortunate in the ephemeral nature of their animosities."

From this, spoken *ex-cathedra* as editor of the *Courier*, Mr. Galt extends his literary glance a little further, and says—

"At no time, as I frankly confess, have I been a great admirer of mere literary character; to tell the truth, I have sometimes felt a little shame-faced in thinking myself so much an author, in consequence of the estimation in which I view the professors of book-making in general. A mere literary man—an author by profession—stands but low in my opinion, and the reader will, perhaps, laughingly say, 'it is a pity I should think so little of myself.' But though, as the means of attaining ascendancy and recreation in my sphere, I have written too much, it is some consolation to reflect that

'I left no calling for the idle trade.'

This, we must observe, is only true and applicable to literary character when seen in its lower classes; and we cannot believe that the writer meant it for the better order with whom, though he may have mingled with the small fry, and the venomous too, it has been his good fortune to associate. We must never confound these distinctions. Literature is never to be despised but in the follies and vices of its illegitimate pretenders. It is itself noble and ennobling.

Soon after these confessions we have a good

common-sense view of the state of actors; for whom Mr. Galt, like all right-minded men, entertains more than a sneaking kindness—

"The players (he says), 'amusing vagabonds,' are a class of adventurers by themselves,—a relic of the influence of puritanical sentiment makes them, in general, hardly dealt with by the world. For example, with many persons the profession is held to be disreputable; but a very little consideration should render it different, for it is not a trade. Every one cannot learn acting as he can a business. It requires natural endowment, and something of that rare quality which is described by the nubilous epithet of genius. This distinction should entitle the professors to more regard than they often receive, especially as the very faculty which distinguishes them from the common race of man, impels them to imitate, unconsciously, the foibles and the faults of others. To represent faults and foibles correctly, they must possess a shrewd discernment of them, and they are led by the insensible bias of their peculiarity, to associate themselves with characters that are not held in any particular esteem. No class in society requires to be viewed with more generosity than the players; for the very inclination which is the origin of their excellence, leads them to associate with those questionable models which mankind delights to contemplate, either with laughter or sorrow; besides, he it observed, that this innate inclination, which enables them to contribute so much to our innocent pastimes, is not, in the individuals by whom it is possessed, a vice that should be very harshly condemned, as it is a gift of nature, and cannot be assumed. There are, no doubt, individuals who ape the peculiarities of the players, and others who are driven to the stage by misfortune; but notwithstanding the multitude of the histrionic race, the true player is possessed of wonderful endowments, and ranks among the rare and select of the human race; the poet and the painter are not more dissimilar than the actor, and yet they are of 'imagination all compact.' It would be a curious topic of research to ascertain, if it be possible, how so many of the players, both male and female, are remarkable, before they appear on the stage, for eccentricities in private life; because, in the parts which they afterwards perform, there is nothing that seems to give any kind of warranty to previous irregularities. My own opinion on this point is, that it arises from their natural propensity to find enjoyment in strongly-marked characters—characters who are so in spite, as it were, of themselves; at least, I have observed that painters have predilections for particular forms, and a relish of particular phenomena beyond other men."

A critique upon Scott's works is next followed by an amusing and characteristic review of his own productions; in the appreciation of which we have the pleasure to differ occasionally from their author. They say that mothers are always most fond of their deformed, rickety children; leaving the straight, stout, and healthy brats to struggle for themselves. Are not authors very like mammas in this respect? Galt's theories about his writings, separately and collectively, are, however, very curious and interesting: we see the aim where the arrow has fallen short, and we gather the purpose where we had previously apprehended nothing of the sort.

We will not, in a third paper, follow our estimable friend through the history of his plans for new companies, for improving Glasgow by making it a seaport, for enriching the

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revenue of the state from *treasure trove*, by generalising tolls, &c. &c.: let those concerned in such matters read and ponder, for they may be satisfied that John Galt does not write nonsense on any subject.

At p. 280, Mr. G. gives an account of the proposition to erect a monument to the memory of George III. by subscription; and of its failure, in consequence of back-stair intrigues about the Duke of York: he adds, "the dinner passed off 'charmingly well,' with all its constellations, and I dare say is remembered even to this hour; but the monumental group 'lies mouldering in the clay,' nor has the secret of the duke's coming to the barren feast, been, till now, disclosed."

As we were a party to this project, and have never ceased to take an interest in its completion, it may gratify Mr. Galt and the public to learn, that though its great and promised fruition was not accomplished, it has not been altogether barren. At this moment Mr. Mathew Wyatt, the admired sculptor of the Princess Charlotte's tomb at Windsor, and the original proposer of the tribute of which we now speak, is employed upon a statue of George III. to be placed in the square formed by St. James's Palace and Prince Leopold's late residence. A committee, consisting of Lord Kenyon, Sir F. French, Sir J. Campbell, Colonel Gaitskell, Mr. John Ramsbottom, and one or two others (including the writer of this notice), collected and invested at least so much of the subscription as to enable them to execute this monument, and a very small additional sum would still put it in their power to erect a fine equestrian figure—a consummation devoutly to be wished by all the lovers of the arts who ever saw Mr. Wyatt's magnificent and unequalled models of the horse exhibited on that occasion.

Our conclusion, after a very few brief selections, must, we lament to say, be of a melancholy nature, for they must be personal;—but we go first to the extracts.

*Natural Sentiment.*—"I frankly confess (says Galt), marks of distinction have been ever agreeable to me, but I have great doubts of having accomplished any thing deserving of notice. The man does not know himself, who is not constantly apprehensive lest he mistake, in his vanity, notoriety for reputation: the recognition of the privileged great of society is not of any value, without the consciousness of having done something to deserve it."

*Lord Byron.*—"When the *Life of Byron* was written, I entertained a higher opinion of his originality than I do now, for I am reduced to the alternative of considering him as one of the most extraordinary plagiarists in literature, unless it can be shewn that he is the author of a four volume novel, from which the incidents, colouring, names, and characters, of his most renowned productions are derived."

*Official Anecdote.*—"We reached Penetanguishine, the remotest and most inland dock-yard that owns obedience to the 'meteor flag of England,' where, by orders of the Admiralty, his majesty's gun-boat the *Bee* was placed at my disposal. By the by, the letter from the Admiralty was a curious specimen of the geographical knowledge which then prevailed there, inasmuch as it mentioned that the vessel was to go with me on Lake Huron, in Lower Canada."

Of his dangerous state of health, the volume before us speaks in these desponding terms:—

"One day I felt myself unwell, and, returning home, sent for the doctor: soon after I was struck with paralysis, which greatly affected

my left side. The stun, however, as it may be called, was not of long duration, but the malady continued, and, from the time of that event, I have been an invalid. As I had been much worse with a nervous complaint long ago, when I went to the Mediterranean, my spirits were not much depressed, and for several weeks, though lame, I did not despair of ultimate recovery. But I had soon reason to suspect that I was encouraging a new deceitful hope. Lady H. E. requested Sir Henry Halford to call on me, and although I had the most implicit confidence in my own medical friends, Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, and Dr. McKellar, I inferred, from something which fell from him accidentally in conversation, that I was not beyond the reach of another stroke. Whether faith in his casual expression, inspired by his known attention to climacterical symptoms, or to his approval of my treatment, which did not answer my own wishes, had any effect on me, I know not, but from the period of his visit I inwardly doubted if I ever should recover; nor was this long a malady of the imagination. In the course of ten days or so after, I was awake in the night by a strange noise in my ears, and the sensation as if something had gone wrong internally. I had been reading an account of Garrick's last illness some time before, and my condition seemed much like what his had been, which his doctors pronounced mortal. Though there was an assurance in what I felt, that the catastrophe would not be immediate, I have yet had no reason to doubt that Death was 'meddling' with my 'inside.' However, he did not think fit to close his clutches, and I grew better; his intrusive fingers are, however, still there,—but he has hold of all men. I seemingly speak of the event with levity, but really do not pretend to look on the King of Terrors with less awe than my neighbours; although apt at times, notwithstanding the strictness of my belief in predestination, to wince a little at the thought of having been sent into 'this breathing world' to accomplish no purpose, but only to endure 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' and to ponder why the human faculties cannot always discern the goodness which may be in the tendencies of Providence."

Another attack in the street is described, and he continues: "About a couple of hours after, I was instantaneously smitten by another violent stroke of paralysis, which deprived me of the power of my right side, and greatly increased the existing weakness of the left leg, rendering me unable to turn in bed unassisted. I did not, for some time, expect that I was ever again to be abroad, but with treatment which must be considered to have been skilful, I have recovered some use of my limbs, and can write legibly, though slowly; but what purpose can be served by concealing from myself, the valedudinarian—the sheer hulk—I have become? A man who has suffered many strokes of paralysis, three of them very severe, has received nothing to be proud of; and yet, odd as it may seem, there is consolation in the calamity. No one can now doubt that I am justified in reckoning myself among the unfortunate."

And then comes a "N.B. 4th September, 1833.—Lord Bacon somewhere says, that if a man can only wait, he will generally attain his ends. A striking instance of the wisdom of this maxim has been shewn to me since this final sheet has been sent to press. Within these three days I have received information, that nearly the capital sum of all my secured debts has been paid; but it has been at a sad sacrifice—those, of course, for which no security was granted, do not yet participate; but

about ten shillings in the pound, on the amount of all I owe, has been already paid; some of the debts in full, with interest. The reader will, I hope, also rejoice with me, on learning that my plans for the improvement of Upper Canada are authorised, in a great measure, to be renewed. The immigration, which it was the purpose of these plans to attract; had subsided, and the effect must soon have been felt by the Canada Company: indeed, I cannot conceive how that class of persons, of whom emigrants chiefly consist, could be supposed to people the forests, if they did not find employment there. I have likewise to acknowledge, as a favour, that the directors of the Company have recommended my second son to be received into their service in the province. But, although in making this postscript, I have inexpressible pleasure, there is nothing to induce me to desire any thing in the narrative to be changed. The fact of the Canada Company being one of the most flourishing concerns in London, is the vindication of my scheme and plans. In little more than one year, the shareholders have made above four hundred thousand pounds, a consideration that allays my sense of disappointments and ruin; but still, I claim the privilege of humanity. The victim of that recklessness of consequences to which the decisions of public bodies are ever liable, but yields to the weakness of his nature when he regards the causes of suffering as crimes."

And he characteristically concludes:—"While this sheet was at press, and I expected to conclude my narrative with something less dolorous than many parts of it, I was struck with another shock that has rendered my sight ineffectual; thus maintaining the uniformity of my fate in a singular manner. However, I am something like a cat that I was at the drowning of in my boyish years:—a country carter, who looked over my shoulder at the sight, on seeing the poor animal, remarked on the catastrophe, that it would 'take pains to kill her.'"

Here, too, our task would end, were it not that we have been offered an explanation of the proceeding of Dr. Valpy against Galt, upon which, in the honest expression of our sentiments, we could not help animadverting in severe terms in our last *Gazette*. As what is stated in a published book cannot be deemed private, it must be felt, we hope, that we only performed a public duty in this instance—a painful duty, inasmuch as we entertained a high esteem for Dr. Valpy, and have for many years enjoyed a degree of friendly intimacy with his family. We confess that we were the more surprised at the apparent barbarity exercised upon a depressed and almost ruined individual; and that we must still consider the act as one of those atrocities which too often occur when the law is called in to arbitrate among honest and well-meaning men. But in defence of the charge, we are informed that this was the only arrest Dr. V. ever made after fifty years' toil in his profession, and the loss of above 10,000*l.*; and that it was in consequence of what were considered to be aggravating circumstances. That more than one half-year was owing; and that, though the Doctor offered to resign half from friendship's sake if Mr. G. would pay the other moiety, and accept this too in the utmost spirit of accommodation, yet no proposal would be entertained by the debtor. Dr. V., adds our authority, is amiable and forgiving almost to a fault; and nothing would have induced him to urge Mr. G., but the representation of those friendly to him, who believed it would greatly



benefit him. "Save me from my friends" seems applicable to this instance; and we are willing, from our own personal knowledge of Dr. Valpy, sincerely to believe that he was induced, under what has since turned out to be erroneous advice, to act in a manner which he would not have done if left to the dictates of his own head and heart. It is too often the case that, when the law is called in, the original parties have but little influence on the subsequent course and decision.

With sorrow we add, that so late as last Sunday, a consultation of his medical friends interdicted Mr. Galt from all business and literature. "My sight," he answers our inquiry by an amanuensis, "by the last stroke when I had just finished the memoir, has become ineffectual. Strange! the mind is yet entire. I have now had nine attacks. I grow proud of them, as an old lady of her years when they exceed four score." Poor fellow! he may have some comfort in believing, that the sympathy of millions is with him on his bed of sickness and suffering.

*Standard Novels, Nos. XXX. and XXXI. Pride and Prejudice. Stories of Waterloo. London, 1833. Bentley.*

THE first of these volumes completes the series of Miss Austin's works. We have had so often occasion to mention them with praise, that we can do little more than repeat our cordial commendation. We shall only add, while thus dismissing the task, that they rank among the most amusing, the most real, the most genuinely English, of our many and varied fictions. The *Stories of Waterloo* belong to a more recent date, and we remember noticing them with much praise on their first appearance; they well deserve their present place. A pretty frontispiece and vignette do much credit to Mr. Pickering; but he has strangely overpressed the lady. We would especially mention *Sarsfield* and *Maurice MacCarthy* as striking and original stories.

*The Russian Catechism, with Explanatory Notes. 8vo. pp. 28. London, 1833. Effingham Wilson.*

MR. WILSON should not have put "by authority" on the title-page of a work like this, or stated himself, even in dubious jest, to be "Bookseller to the Emperor of all the Russias." Such things, instead of being jests, are discredit to the individual, and injurious to our foreign book exports. With regard to the publication itself, it is too dull for a *jeu-d'esprit*, unless we consider profanity to be wit, and blasphemy Attic salt.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### A RECENT TOUR.

WE are indebted to a young friend for the following notes of a Tour; which, having interested us, will, we trust, not be found devoid of interest to a multitude of our readers.

*Paris, August 5.*—We reached Boulogne, from Dover, Saturday, a quarter before two, after a passage of three hours and a half. Boulogne is a completely English place; every second person is speaking the language, and there are now about seven thousand of the nation resident there in summer. They seem to have carried into execution the very invasion with which Napoleon threatened us from this

point, and the mere boast of which is commemorated by a pillar, above the town, nearly as high as that in Waterloo Place. Boulogne has been very much improved by English influence. It is almost as clean as an English town.

The next morning we set off at ten, in the cabriolet of the diligence, for Paris. At Abbeville, where we stopped to dine, we went to the cathedral. The moment we entered was that of the elevation of the host; the music, the fine voices of the choir, and the numerous assemblage in so grand a building, all making the responses together, had a very moving effect. The greater part of the congregation were females, mostly the peasantry of the country, who, to my surprise, seemed cleaner in their persons than English of the same class. The white caps which they wore had the appearance of a field of snow; for they almost entirely filled the centre aisle of the building. The old *suisse de l'église*, in a red suit trimmed with silver lace, and cocked hat of enormous dimensions, a sword by his side, being a little stumpy figure, reminded me of Punch, as he stalked through the crowd. He is an officer somewhat similar to our parish beadle, but is more splendidly dressed, and, instead of a staff, carries a sword. The outside of this church is a fine sample of Gothic ornament, covered with carvings and figures, which have escaped by miracle the revolutionists. Close to the church, and all through the town, the shops were open, though it was Sunday; indeed, those that were shut formed only the exception to the general rule. In France they do not cease from business on account of religion, but to enjoy a holiday; those in whom avarice is more powerful than the love of pleasure stick to their counters.

I arrived here before three yesterday. In entering Paris, close to the *barrière*, I saw the officers of engineers, with their instruments preparing the ground on which one of the new forts is to be built. *Vive la Liberté!* This is gall and wormwood to the Parisians, who call them bustles. The country, however, seems quiet, and, on the whole, I should say flourishing. I was surprised at the number of new houses which we saw building, or built, on the road as we came along. Paris appears to be more busy than the first time I was here: ten thousand passports, it is said, were delivered by strangers, who came on purpose to see the *fête*.

*Clermont, August 11.*—When we awoke yesterday we had the first view of the very remarkable mountains which overlook Clermont, which are all of them either volcanic craters, or huge elevations raised up by volcanic force, which have been in action before, but not very long before, the records of human tradition commence. They are called, from their shape, *Monts Dome*; and we, at our arrival, decided on scaling the topmost of the range, called the *Puy de Dome*. We instantly set about hiring a carriage, but got nothing but what is called a *patache*—a vehicle midway between a tilted cart and a cabriolet, an exceedingly rickety affair,—in which we were nearly jolted to pieces before we got off the stones; though the utmost efforts of our *cocher* could not succeed in getting the beast to move at a quicker step than a walk. The ascent began immediately outside of the gate, and it took us a long time to get to the foot of the cone, where we hired a guide. From the place where we left our car to begin to mount, we trod upon the decomposed substance of rock, which looked exactly like cinders, and soon after the black rugged lava began to pierce through the turf. For

though the breaking out of these volcanoes is quite beyond the memory of man, yet the courses of the currents of lava for miles down the hills and through the plain is as distinctly traceable up to the very mouths from which they have issued, as the lava-streams of Etna which have been formed within these ten years. The ascent was not very difficult, though steep in places; but the height was considerable; in fact, it formed a capital exercise for our future more severe labours. Before we reached the top, my companion was considerably blown; but you must consider that that point exceeds by many feet the highest in Great Britain, being 4,800 feet above the sea. The view is very fine; the cones and craters round too numerous to count; one completely occupied by a lake, another as nearly as possible a bowl, round the summit of which is only a narrow path on its edge, with a declivity on both sides. I descended to the brink of one of these, called *Le Nid de la Poule*, exactly like the crater of Vesuvius, as I have seen it in picture, and about two hundred feet deep. Our descent was more easy; and even if we fell, which was not unfrequent, it was on a delightfully soft carpet of heath and bilberry plants, which cover the mountain most luxuriously; and which carpet of verdure is the more remarkable, as there is not a drop of water on the whole mountain, which is of a volcanic rock, as thirsty and imbibing as a sponge; so that all the vegetation must be supported by the moisture of the atmosphere alone. Our subsequent adventures, and how we missed our vehicle, and had a great quarrel with its owner, must be reserved for a subsequent epistle.

*Valence, August 16.*—Not two hours have elapsed since we reached this place, the most southerly point in our route. To-morrow we turn our faces to the Alps, and in two days more I expect we shall be in the midst of them. Before quitting France, however, I must complete my narrative of my journey up to this point; and I must tell you that what I have seen in the last five days has given me quite different notions both of the country and people from those which I before entertained. The great roads of France over which I have usually passed are dull and monotonous in the highest degree; and the people with whom I before came in contact gave me but a very unfavourable impression of the national character.

The district through which I have just passed has convinced me that the epithet *La Belle (France)* is not without justification; and the people whom I have met on this occasion make me think I have been rash in my general condemnation. We left Clermont the following morning, having seen there a rather remarkable mineral spring, which has formed by the depositions from it a bridge of stone. The water is distributed through small stone channels, which must be cleared out almost daily, or they would be immediately blocked up with sediment. A large bunch of grapes is quite covered in six or seven weeks; and they shew you even a petrified cow and goat. Besides which, they are inducing the water to form another natural arch, as a companion to that which exists already.

On quitting Clermont, we took our course, almost directly south, through the midst of the ancient province of Auvergne. Knowing the usual character of French scenery, our surprise was extreme at the beauty and singularity of that which was now presented to us. Instead of the usual straight roads, there is nothing but ascents and descents, mountains and hills, some picturesque, some singular from their

volcanic structure; at one time we skirted round a little conical volcano, in shape like Sreimboli; at another, we rode over a lava stream which formed a very considerable eminence, and extended right and left as far as the eye could see, betraying its nature by the black, cinder-like masses of rock which every now and then protruded themselves from among the vines. In the midst of this district, called the Limagne, runs the Alliers, a very fine river. The waters of it and its tributaries being universally employed in the process of irrigation, convert a tract, which would otherwise be rather scorched, into a plain of the richest and deepest verdure, corresponding to which is the large walnut-trees, which are here planted every where on the road-side, and which furnish an oil very nearly as good as the olive, and turned to the same uses.

The most striking difference from every other part of France I have seen here, is the number of villages lying out of the great route, but very numerous, and at short distances from one another. They are almost invariably perched on the top of a hill, and give great life to every view which presents itself. They generally stand around, or adjacent to an old castle, screening themselves, as it were, under its shadow for protection. I never saw so many castles before. I really think we must have passed almost a hundred in the course of the day's journey. These were the residences and fiefs of the ancient feudal seigneurs of the land. At the present time there is hardly one in the whole country that is not in an irredeemable state of ruin; so effectual and exterminating was the demolition carried on by the mob at the hateful epoch of 1793. I heard a curious fact, that those *châteaux* which were first and especially singled out for destruction, were those which bore on their turrets a weathercock. The *gironette*, it appears, was the symbol of seigniorial authority, and was allowed to be placed only on the houses of men of rank, and was therefore particularly hateful to the *canaille*,—who were likewise, perhaps, offended at the sight of the emblem of their own fickleness. As picturesque objects, they still form an immense addition to every prospect.

A journey of a day and night brought us to Le Puy; a town singular for its beautiful situation, and for two most fantastic rocks which rise out of the middle of it. In the cathedral here is a curious statue of the Virgin, held in great veneration by the people, who make an annual pilgrimage to it on the 15th of August, the day before we left the town. We met many of them (all poor peasants) by the way. It is of very great antiquity, and is said to have been made by the Christians of Mount Lebanon, and to have been brought to Europe by the Crusaders. The most curious fact is, that the faces both of the Virgin and Child are black;—a notion having gone abroad at one time, from a misinterpreted text, that the mother of Our Saviour was a negress. Its reputation has now declined, as the pilgrims do not exceed 4000; whereas in former days more than nine kings of France, and I know not how many popes beside, all came to pay homage to Our Black Lady of Puy. She is covered with rich and stiff embroideries, which allow only the face to be seen.

*Montiers, in the Tarentaise Savoy, Aug. 21.*—This place, where we arrived last night, is situated in a sort of bowl of mountains, which appear to overhang me as I am writing. The only remarkable thing here, is the Saline Royale, or salt-works; in which the salt water is turned into brine, by being allowed to trickle

down vast bundles of ropes, or heaps of faggots suspended in buildings of immense extent, roofed over, but with open sides. The object of the process is to expose the water as much as possible to the action of the air—which carries off the watery particles, and leaves behind the salt. So that a quantity of water, only moderately salt, after having been pumped up to the roof of the building, and allowed to descend in a shower along the ropes, becomes, in consequence of its exposure to the currents of air passing through the open building, a very strong brine, fit to be boiled for salt, after two or three of these descents. There are other matters contained in the water, which do not fly off, but stick to the ropes; and I have got a specimen of a cord, not so thick as my little finger, which in the course of some months has become coated with a covering of crystallised gypsum as thick as my arm.

(To be continued.)

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### NEW GROUP OF ISLANDS.

A SIDNEY paper contains the following particulars respecting a group of islands discovered by Captain Harwood, of the Hashmy, whaler, extracted from the log of that ship:—

"In coming down from Japan, fell in with a group of islands, not laid down in the charts, in latitude 5° 45' north, and 152° 35' east longitude,—about fifty miles N.W. of Young William's Islands; the tops of the trees on the islands were visible a considerable distance at sea. I had the crew of the Hashmy on them, refreshing, who were treated with great kindness by the natives. The islands are very thickly inhabited, with plenty of cocoa nuts, vegetables, and such refreshments as are necessary for crews coming from Japan with the scurry. There is also an excellent harbour on the eastern part of Young William's Islands."

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

St. Petersburg, Sept.

M. MUSSIN PUSCHKIN, councillor of state, superintendent of the district of the University of Kasan, had, in 1827, drawn the attention of the minister of public instruction to the advantages which the empire might derive from the study of the Mongol language, as well in political and commercial intercourse with the people who speak that language, as in scientific inquiries relative to the Lamaic religion, and the history of Oriental Asia, especially that of the middle ages. At the instance of the above gentleman, the minister authorised him to send to Irkutsk two young men of the University of Kasan, Messrs. Kovalesky and Popoff, that they might be able, on their return, to fill in the University the places of professors of that language. They passed five years at Irkutsk, at Kiakhta, and among the Bouraits, beyond Lake Baikal. M. Kovalesky then accompanied the Russian mission to Peking, and M. Popoff was sent to Ourga, the capital of Chinese Tartary. Both of them applied with great diligence and success to the study of the Mongol language. On their return to St. Petersburg, a few months ago, Privy Counsellor Ouworoff, who is at the head of the department of public instruction, requested the Imperial Academy of Sciences to have them examined. The academy gave this commission to M. Schmidt, who is so well known for his profound knowledge of the Mongol language. After a thorough examination of the two young men, and a critical review of their written compo-

sitions, M. Schmidt reported to the academy that he had great pleasure in bestowing unqualified praise on the diligence, zeal, and knowledge of the two young men; that he was fully convinced of their qualifications, and could conscientiously recommend them as teachers of the Mongol language, if a professorship should be instituted for them in the University of Kasan.

This report having been laid before M. Ouworoff, he obtained from his majesty the Emperor, through the Committee of Ministers, authority to appoint Messrs. Kovalesky and Popoff joint professors in the University of Kasan of the Mongol language. Thus, thanks to the enlightened zeal of Mr. Ouworoff, a professorship of the Mongol language, the first in Europe, has been instituted in the University of Kasan.

The University will receive from the Academy of Sciences the Mongol types necessary for printing the elementary books.

## FINE ARTS.

### SCULPTURE.

It is always with great gratification we are called upon to record any instance of a community of feeling in the encouragement of the arts; and in this light we regard with peculiar pleasure the presentation by Joseph Buonaparte, to Mr. Lough, of a splendid gold vase which belonged to Napoleon, as a tribute to the merit of our countryman's noble and spirited production of Duncan's Mad Horses. This is such intercourse as should exist among the great in station and in genius of all nations.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Twenty-five Illustrations to the Oriental Annual; 1834.* From Drawings by William Daniell, R.A. London, Bull.

This may not unaptly be called the Aurora of the *Annals* of 1834: not only because it takes its rise in the east, and is the precursor of their blaze, but on account of its intrinsic beauty, lightness, and elegance. We have never seen Mr. Daniell to greater advantage; for, although there is no artist who, considering the vast number of works of various kinds which have proceeded from his pencil, has manifested more uniform excellence, yet we own we are most pleased with him when he is treating subjects such as those before us; of which he is so thoroughly the master, that not merely are the main features faithful, but every little adjunct of the scene is full of appropriate Asiatic character. It is a publication which must prove exceedingly interesting to persons who have been in India themselves, or who have near and dear connexions there (what a large class of the population of Great Britain does that description embrace!); and scarcely less so to all who are lovers of nature and art, as seen in some of their most picturesque, romantic, and pleasing shapes. Mr. Daniell has very judiciously varied his landscapes and architectural views, with a few heads, and representations of animals. Of the first, "The Principal Gant at Hurdwar," "Temple at Mahabulpoor," "The Hill Fort of Bidzee Gur," "Raje Gur, Gingee," "Mosque at Benares," "Mausoleum at Raje Mahal," "Hindoo Temples at Trichencore," "Madras," "The Cataract at Puppansassim," "Cape Comorin," "Mausoleum of the Emperor Shere Shah," "Choultry at Ramiseram," and "The Banyan Tree," are our chief favourites; of the second, "The Queen of Candy" (the expression of whose



countenance is so sweet and affable, that she ought to be called Queen of Sugar-candy; and of the third, "Wild Elephants," "The Alligator and Dead Elephant," and "The Hirkarrah Camel." Mr. Daniell has evidently had great justice done to him by his engravers, Messrs. Armstrong, W. J. Cooke, Engleheart, Havell, Hollis, Kernot, Lee, Redaway, Starling, Taylor, and Woodman.

*Donna Maria.* After Lawrence; engraved by R. Graves.

FROM the inscription on the plate, we presume one of the embellishments of the forthcoming Annuals, the *Amulet*; and certainly a very well-executed and interesting one. The princess is not unlike what our own Princess Charlotte was: we hope her destiny will be more auspicious, though its aspects are troubled enough.

*The Landscape Annual, 1834.* Jennings and Chaplin.

WE have just glanced over the twenty-six plates of this very popular Annual, which illustrate the South of France, and bear ample testimony to Mr. Harding's taste in selection and skill in drawing. Next week we shall review them in detail; and at present only remark on the great number, the able execution, and the moderate cost. The noble Amphitheatre at Nîmes, enlivened by a representation of the ancient games restored by the present King of the French while in exile there, is a most splendid and interesting production.

*Valpy's National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture.* Part III.

IN our notice of the last part of this work, we commented on the extravagant and absurd puffs of the plates, quoted from several provincial and some metropolitan publications. A fresh set appears on the covers of the present part. We subjoin extracts.

"It will afford us sincere gratification to see this elegant work obtain that distinguished place in public estimation to which it is fully justified, by its transcendent merits, in laying claim."

"The plates are executed in the most exquisite manner, and possess in a remarkable degree the peculiar excellences of the originals."

"The engravings are executed in the highest style of the art, minutely and exquisitely finished; in many cases rivaling the efforts of the pencil in vivacity of delineation."

"This elegant work is confessedly one of the most celebrated publications of its class that has yet appeared on the fine arts. The paintings hitherto selected possess acknowledged excellence, and the engravings are truly exquisite."

"This is a splendid work, and both publisher and engraver alike to be commended,—the one for conceiving, the other for executing so delightful, so chaste, so amusing, so classic a design. The stranger is here introduced to the master-pieces of modern and ancient genius, and the splendid landscapes of Claude and Cuyp are thus brought to his own door, and laid upon his table. He needs no longer regret that the beautiful gems are beyond his view; representations of them, at once correct and faithful as engraving can produce, are within his reach to delight and instruct him; yes, we say, instruct, because it is impossible not to suppose that to those who possess the gems of art this publication will at once afford a stimulus to improvement, as well as the means of accelerating their progress."

"We have now before us the Second Part of this spirited work, which we most cordially commend to the attention of all lovers of the fine arts."

"This work will soon become a most interesting monthly visitor to the vast number of persons who, residing far from the metropolis, have but few opportunities of gratifying their love of the fine arts."

"The National Gallery will, when complete, be found to enrich the most splendid libraries of our countrymen."

"We have seldom witnessed any work so beautifully executed; and we think all classes must be indebted to the publisher for so noble a design. This work will be hailed with delight by the lovers of the fine arts—in fact by all those who wish, in outline engravings, executed by the first masters, to analyse the beauties of the great painters, whether ancient or modern. On the whole, it is of infinite value to those who may never have an opportunity of reviewing the original paintings, and is well worthy the attention of our fair readers."

"We can give this work our unqualified praise. The publication will form a truly national work, which, from the splendour of the plates, and the extreme moderateness of the price, may be expected soon to become exceedingly popular."

"This is a valuable work, not only to the artist, but to every person of taste who wishes to analyse the beauties of the great painters, without having it in his power to see the originals."

"The design of this work is good. It gives to amateurs in the delightful art of painting specimens deposited in the National Gallery, so far as the superior skill of the graver can accomplish."

"The paintings selected are of acknowledged excellence; and their finest features, and best effect, are all conveyed to us in these engraved specimens."

"To those who have seen the originals, and to those who have not, this work will be alike acceptable. The expression of the originals is allowed to be preserved in a most astonishing manner."

"Of the execution of the engravings, it is only necessary to say, that it is in every way worthy of the object for which the work is published, and of the noble collection which it is to contain."

Now, really, all this is exceedingly disgusting and reprehensible; as every person must acknowledge who will cast a glance over the prints in question, which are merely slight illustrations of a descriptive catalogue of pictures and statues. If, in addition to the difficulties with which our engravers of merit at the present moment struggle, the praise to which their fine and well-studied plates are entitled from the public press is thus to be bestowed upon productions which do not even pretend to any kind of excellence, their case is hopeless indeed. We took an opportunity some time ago of exposing the system of "cut and dried" quotations from literary works; but this system of "cut and dried" criticisms on works of art is still worse.

It happens that in other articles in this week's *Gazette* we have had occasion to refer a good deal to the state of the periodical press, and *soi-disant* cheap publications; and therefore we shall only farther notice here, that the quoted opinions of political papers on literary subjects are not, in justice, to be looked upon as compromising these publications, as they would compromise the integrity of professed Reviews and Literary Journals. In the former they are generally mere incidental paragraphs inserted as matter of course for payment—it is the common and acknowledged system; in the latter, they ought to be above all price, as the pure blood and circulating medium through which they live. It is easy, therefore, to collect a hundred commendatory puffs from the common newspapers and low periodicals: and it should be correspondingly difficult—impossible—to string together such a parade of unmerited praise from the respectable portion of the press.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### EVENING.

*Written on the Coast of Dorset.*

By the Author of "Britain's Historical Drama."

'Tis eve, 'tis eve!—the setting Sun  
His golden pilgrimage hath run;  
And, like imperial guards of state,  
Encircling clouds of splendour wait  
In homage round his throne of power,  
As swells the hymn of his parting hour.

A lake of molten silver lies  
The ocean, where it meets the skies;  
And softly flows its rubied wave  
Round rugged rock and sparry cave,  
Wreathing its shores with pearl-like spray  
To its own wildly murmured lay.

Where burn the gorgeous heavens in light  
The sea-steep towers in giant might;  
Whose dark brows, diademed with fire,  
Proudly to greet those heavens aspire;

While the war-bird there, on her mountain hold,  
Plumes scornfully her wings of gold—

Where the distant city's turrets shine,  
As if with gems of the Eastern mine;  
Where the purple fields are bright with flowers,  
And the forest waves its emerald bowers;  
Where the gladsome desert lifts her voice,  
And her dreary solitudes rejoice—

There sheds his latest beams the Sun,  
As now his steeds the race have won;  
And the glory of his parting smiles  
Lights up the ocean's far-off isles,  
Which gleam amid their waves of gold,  
Like fairyland in tales of old.

'Tis shadows all—save where yon light  
Still lingers on the mountain's height—  
'Tis gone!—like life's last trembling sigh,  
That mingles with Eternity!  
Shade steals on shade with noiseless tread,  
Like sad friends weeping round the dead.

Gone is the spirit of the day,  
And the eve-bird chants her requiem-lay:  
In tears the sunflower bends her head,  
Her bridegroom of the skies is fled,  
And she scorns the cold star of the west  
Should wake a passion in her breast.

J. F. PENNIE.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

G. F. ROBSON, ESQ.

THE newspapers, we regret to observe, have announced the death of this highly gifted and eminent artist, whose continually improving works have been invariably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, from its establishment, with the warm approbation to which they were entitled. Mr. Robson had attained the utmost excellence in execution as a painter in water-colours. His power over his means was quite astonishing. In mechanical adroitness, in clearness of tint, and in flatness of surface, whether exhibited in sky, lake, or distance, he has never been, and never can be surpassed. His favourite subjects were derived from mountain scenery, and his selections were always made with taste and judgment. The effect of many of his productions was absolutely sublime. The profound solitude of the remote glen, and the rocky haunt of the wild deer, were most advantageously depicted by his powerful pencil. He was also fond of representing his native city, Durham, and its vicinity: in the last Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, *The City of Durham from the North-East* was one of the finest of no fewer than thirty-eight contributions by Mr. Robson. The Society, as well as the admirers of native talent generally, have sustained a heavy loss by the deprivation of so able and indefatigable an artist. Many of his drawings were made conjointly with Mr. Hills, whose admirable mode of treating animals accorded perfectly with Mr. Robson's magnificent and characteristic backgrounds.

It is supposed that the cause of Mr. Robson's death was the breaking of a blood-vessel, in sea-sickness, during the late dreadful storm.\*

SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

THIS eminent musician and composer died at his daughter's, the Marchioness of Headfort's, Meath, on Saturday, at the age of seventy-four. His share in producing the *Irish Melodies* in conjunction with Moore, will cause him to be long cherished in the popular memory of his

\* This storm has been fatal to a fine statue by Gibson, at Rome, which has been lost on its way to England.



country; while some of his more elevated and sacred compositions remain to stamp his name among the foremost we can boast in this delightful science. It is only a few years since we met Sir John Stevenson, when his appearance was wonderfully juvenile, and his conversation and manners as sprightly as his looks. He was most agreeable and entertaining in society, and seemed almost to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. But we now find the *elixir vite* is a phantom!

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY. RESCUED RECORDS. NO. IV.

(Supposed to have been written by a XX-Marine under his present Majesty.)

My friend the exciseman always told me that if you acquire a knowledge of the manners of a people, you may easily judge of their customs; I shall, therefore, endeavour to give an account of my excursion to Richmond with the Tomkins's, as it may afford some idea of the manners of my companions, which I certainly thought in many instances not over polite.

The day fixed was Tuesday, and during the whole of Monday preparations and pies were making. I learnt there were to be nine in the party; yet I was surprised at the quantity of provender, as Mrs. Tomkins repeatedly told me that there would be some little eaters among them. The morning at length arrived. I made my appearance in the parlour, and inquired for Mr. T. "Oh," said Mrs. T. "Tomkins never goes out with us; he thinks one of the family should always be at home—and I think so too. But we shall have a nice party—there will be you and I, and Wilhelmina and Mr. Cotton (her intended, who plays the bugle delightfully), and Julia and Fred, and the little ones. No doubt we shall have a comfortable day—why, you'll be quite a family man, Mr. —! Hee, hee, hee!" At this moment there was a strange blundering in the passage. "Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. T., "I'm afraid some accident has happened to my ham!" and off she ran. She was not far out, for the hamper containing the ham and beef and cold fowls had unthinkingly been given to Mr. Cotton to carry, who, I suppose, not liking to be thus hampered, had quite accidentally let it fall. "However, they are not hurt," said Mrs. Tomkins, as she eased him of his load by sending for a porter, who had no sooner arrived than it was discovered that the whole of the provisions was more than he could carry; and in the end it was decided that Fred and Mr. Cotton should have a coach, and take the baskets and the children to Westminster Bridge.

I was accordingly now left to escort the ladies, as I supposed; but Mrs. T. seized me for herself, observing that her daughters were rather shy, and would prefer walking by themselves; but that she would oblige me by her company. However, before we set off, I came in for some of those family favours which I understand you are sure to experience if you lend your elbow to a married lady here. "Dear me," said Mrs. Tomkins, "how forgetful of those girls! but it's always the way with young people—could you put that mustard-pot in your pocket, sir?" "Certainly, ma'am." "Yes, as I was saying, young people will—now that is vexing!—you couldn't put those knives and forks in your pocket, could you, Mr. —?" "Oh, yes, ma'am." "You are extremely good, Mr. — But we are ready now, I believe—dear, dear, dear! there's not a bit o' table-cloth taken! I'm

ashamed to ask you to put this one in your hat." "Oh, I dare say there's room, ma'am." "You are very obliging, Mr. —; those girls have given you a deal of trouble,—but, Mr. —, we were all young once." (It was some time ago, thought I, as I looked at her.)

At last we got outside the door, and I was very thankful, as I began to suspect that I should soon have to pocket a dining-table or sofa. We proceeded to Westminster Bridge, Mrs. T. insisting upon walking, because she had no corns, though she was sorry to say that Mr. T. was sadly troubled with them; and a long dissertation on the nature of hard and soft corns, the "way they are brought on," the means of cure, &c., afforded sufficient talk till we arrived at the bridge. Indeed, my attention was almost entirely taken up in another way, for the occasional rattling of the mustard-pot, &c. made me rather fearful of disagreeable consequences; and I said to myself, if mustard-pots are commonly carried in this way here, I can fully perceive the necessity of taking care of your pockets—quite a useless precaution with me generally.

When we came to the boat, Fred and Mr. Cotton had got their charge safely on board, and Julia and Wilhelmina had arrived, and were likewise seated. I handed Mrs. T. into her place, and before taking my seat, commenced unloading myself, pulling out the cloth, knives, &c. and laying them down before me. Possibly my manner might have conveyed some slight idea of certain street exhibitors with knives, balls, &c.; still, I consider Mr. Fred's conduct very rude. "Mother," said he slyly, not thinking I heard him, "is that person a juggler?" "No!" I exclaimed with such vehemence that I staggered back and fell over the cross-seat. "I beg your pardon, sir," replied he; "I see you are only a tumbler!" "Frederick!" cried his mother, "do you know who you are talking to?—it's Mr. —!" "Oh, I'm very sorry,—I should not have taken the liberty, but I thought it was the waterman." "Waterman!" again I exclaimed—and I felt more vexed than before, for I had hurt myself by my fall,—and this was adding insult to injury. But Mrs. T., moving what she termed "the least morsel in the world," gave the boat a sudden lurch, which caused a moment's confusion, and fortunately broke off what might have led to words; so I sat down between Julia and Wilhelmina, determined not to be offended at any thing. Of course my situation called forth from Mrs. T. the usual "thorn between two roses" sort of thing, while a smile of complacency beamed on her face, every wrinkle of which seemed to say, "my charming daughters are the roses!"

As we proceeded we became gradually more familiar; Julia began to talk, and Mrs. T. had not the trouble to begin, as she had not left off since we started—she had, indeed, a wonderful flow of language. Our conversation, of course, at first related to the weather, dangerous street-crossings, and other matters of equally general interest. I could not, however, help noticing that Mr. Cotton and Wilhelmina said little or nothing to us, though there seemed to be something very entertaining going on between them. "I'm afraid," said I, "Mr. Cotton does not enjoy himself." "Oh, Mr. C. seldom talks," replied Mrs. T.; "but he will presently oblige us with an air on the bugle, instead." "We have no objection to put up with his airs," returned Fred; "but I think it would be as well: part him and Wilhelmina." "Hold your tongue, Freder-

rick!" exclaimed his mother; and then whispered to me, "It would be a shame to disturb the young people—eh, Mr. —? Hee, hee, hee!" Very likely it would, thought I; but I don't understand this business—and, without dreaming that I was at all envious, I endeavoured to content myself by considering Mr. Cotton a poor sentimental post.

Notwithstanding these trifles, we proceeded pretty comfortably, and had got some way through Putney Bridge, when I was beguiled by Julia into a very delightful discourse upon romantic attachments. Julia appeared deeply interested in the subject, and becoming more and more animated every moment, she at last burst forth with such warmth, and in such glowing language, that I was completely overpowered. I felt it coming on, and vainly endeavoured to withstand it. I was never in such a state before or since. The trees began to dance—I grew gradually unconscious of the hard seat I was sitting upon, and thought I was flying—an angel seemed to be smiling at me out of each of Julia's eyes (which I afterwards discovered to be my own self!)—my head grew dizzy—I was about to take Julia under my wing and fly away with her... when Mrs. T. most unexpectedly dispelled the beautiful illusion! "... Mr. —," said she, "you must want something to eat!" "Unhappy woman!" muttered I. But it was no use—the charm was for ever broken! and she continued, "I'm sure you must need it; and I know the young ladies could take a little refreshment. We'll stop here, Mr. Waterman," she added, pointing to a crop of reeds and rushes in the mud; "I always lunch here, Mr. —; I like it because it's so rural;" and the boat was accordingly pulled into the midst of this kind of frogs' forest.

As soon as we were firmly in the mud, all was bustle; the three children, who had sat quiet before from fear, were now jumping about in all directions, notwithstanding Fred's attempts to make them sit still. The two hamper of provisions were placed at our feet, and beef and ham and cold fowls were taken from one of them. The other was about to be opened, when one of the children stepped upon it in getting to its mother, and it unfortunately broke in. The child gave a pig-like squeak, and brought out its dear little foot smothered with the contents of a currant and raspberry pie. "Ah, now you see the fruits of your moving," said Fred. "Oh," exclaimed Mrs. T., "has she cut her foot?" "No," replied Fred; "but it looks as if it were jammed." "What a pity! what can we do?" continued Mrs. T. "Why, ma'am," said the waterman, "I think as how she had better hang her leg overboard, and wash it." This I thought good advice; but Mrs. T. gave the man a look that sufficed to prevent his further interference the whole day; and Wilhelmina attended to the child.

The ham and beef was soon converted into rather substantial sandwiches, and the rest of the provisions prepared for their fate. Nor should I omit to mention that Mrs. T. had furnished a supply of brandy, wine, and bottled ale. I was astonished: every person seemed to have suddenly gained a complete Dando! I had thought Mrs. T. had provided much too bountifully; but I began now to lose my doubts about an overplus. Every one ate voraciously; and when I observed the part played by the three children, the meaning of Mrs. Tomkins's repeated allusions to the "little eaters" for

\* Dando—An appetite of twenty-dosen-oyster power.—Translator.

the first time flashed upon me. I shall not relate any of the speeches during this time, for I must admit that, like the others, I was too busy with the more important part of the business to consider any thing that was said to be very good.

At length nature was satisfied; and I now began to think Mrs. T. a sensible woman, notwithstanding her very ill-timed interruption. When we were once more settled in our places, off we went; and the conversation was perhaps more vigorous than before. But, alas! I was now again a matter-of-fact man, and all Julia's eloquence could not raise the spell so rudely broken by her mother.

"Well," said Mrs. T., "I think there's nothing equal to a day's pleasure on the river—I could live upon water." "I must have something more nourishing to live upon," replied Fred. "Oh, it's delightful!" exclaimed Julia. "It's pleasant," added I. "It's heavenly," continued Julia; "the beautiful perfume from the banks—" (She can't mean that dead-dog-littered mud! thought I.) "And the balmy zephyrs playing around—" "What do you call them, child?" interrupted Mrs. T.; "why they are rabbits you see there!" "The soft plash of the oars—" "Ah, well minded, Julia; why I declare that horrid waterman has wetted me through!" "The bright sky above, and the pure element below—" "Mr. —!" exclaimed Wilhelmina, "I regret to say your coat-tail is in the water!" "All these things," pursued Julia, "seem to combine to make us happy, and to cause an overflow of spirits." Here Mrs. T.'s kindness in attempting to take my tail out of the water tilted the boat, which rattled the bottles in the basket, and set the brandy streaming at our feet. This really vexatious accident completely stopped poor Julia; and I could not help feeling sorry myself as the fumes of the brandy reached my nose.

When we had recovered a little, I remarked that it was a pity the misfortune had occurred, as it had broken off our very pleasant discourse. "Why, you see, sir," whispered Fred, "mother is so fond of talk, that she was not contented with our conversation, but must set the bottles chattering too." "Frederick!" exclaimed his mother, who had overheard him, "it's not your place to make such remarks—you had better mind—" Thinking I smelt gunpowder, I at once endeavoured to lead the conversation into a new train. "This is the iron suspension-bridge, I suppose," said I; "what is the name given to it?" "Hammer-smith," replied Mrs. T. "Called so, I presume, in allusion to the way in which it was made?" "Oh no," returned Fred; "but it certainly shews the extent to which forgery is carried in this country." "It appears to be newly-erected?" "Yes, but it has long been wanted; for before, to get from one side of the river to the other, persons were obliged to go round by Putney or Kew, or cross in a boat—but now, as you perceive, they can a-bridge the journey."

We were here interrupted by Wilhelmina, who had been so deeply engaged with Mr. C. that we had almost forgotten both of them. "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "look at the steam-boat coming!" "Well, don't be alarmed, child!" said her mother; it will only toss us about a little—and that's a part of the pleasure." "Why, I declare the captain's laughing at us!" continued Wilhelmina; "I do believe he's making our boat go up and down on purpose!" "To be sure he is," replied Fred; "that's why he's always called Captain

Rock!" The steam-boat had hardly passed by, when a barge renewed Wilhelmina's fright, and the poor girl was thus kept in hot water in the middle of the Thames: she seemed to have conferred all her hopes on Mr. Cotton, and her fears upon us.

This thought made me have another drive at Mr. Cotton—and dearly I paid for it. "Sir," said I, "you are remarkably quiet—I'm sure you don't enjoy yourself." "That's right, Mr. —," said Mrs. T.; I had almost forgotten him; come, Mr. Cotton, pray favour us with a piece on the bugle." I shudder to say that, after considerable preparations, Mr. C. did favour us. O the horrid noise! For the first few moments I endured it with cast-iron heroism; but after that, I suffered a martyrdom; for I consider the bugle, when even well played, only fit to be heard at the greatest possible distance at which the least possible pianissimo of its tones can be distinguished. Will this performance never be finished! thought I; and I was just beginning to fear that, like Paddy's rope, some one had cut the end off—when it suddenly ceased—for want of wind, I suppose. "That's a beautiful piece!" observed Mrs. T. "If that's only a piece, what must the whole be?" cried Fred. "What, indeed!" exclaimed I. "Spirited finish, Mr. —," said Julia. "The best part of it," muttered I between my teeth.

Bestowing their praises on Mr. Cotton, and some very original remarks on music in general, served the ladies till we arrived at Richmond; but Mr. C.'s windy performance was such a blow to me that I could say little about any thing. It, however, entirely cured me of envying happy swains; and from that time I have made it a point never to "disturb the young people," as Mrs. Tomkins termed it. I said no more to Mr. Cotton that day, who was also fortunately not much interfered with by the rest of the party, but allowed to sit with Wilhelmina and whisper as he pleased. Mrs. T. was extremely anxious that he should not be annoyed—he was the son of a rich old tallow-chandler, and no doubt said some very melting things to Wilhelmina, who had too much good sense to mind having his papa for a father-in-law, although he was called, from being usually cased in grease, an in-fat-uated man.

It was settled that we should ascend the Hill, walk in the Park, &c.; but before landing Mrs. T. advised us to take a little refreshment again; for, said she, "you must be in want of it—it is a long time since you have had any thing; and being on the water gives one such an appetite. This pretty island will be a delightful place—nobody to interfere or take notice of us." Accordingly, we landed on the island, took the provisions out of the boat, and prepared for the attack. The engagement was as sharp as before: the fowls were finished, the sandwiches growing thinner, and the pies lighter. "Mr. Cotton," said Mrs. T. "I hope you enjoy yourself; I like to see people eat well; and I trust you will do so." "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Mr. C.; "for, as you observe, the water gives one an appetite." "It does, indeed," returned Fred; "it ought to be called the devouring element."

This important business again over, Mrs. T. proposed leaving the baskets of fragments on the island; and we proceeded to the Hill, the Park, &c. But I cannot stop to give an account of our walk, which was not of a more rambling nature than our conversation during the time. Fred and I occasionally got into a little mischief; but nothing could induce Mr. Cotton to join with us; indeed, Fred told me

secretly, that to hide his trade when he was out, Mr. C. made it a point to avoid every thing that was wick-ed. We strolled till we were tired—took tea—and strolled again.

At length, evening coming on, we returned to the boat, and across to the island for our baskets; but here Mrs. Tomkins said we had better just take a sandwich or so before we started, to keep the cold out. Every body declared they could eat no more; however, Mrs. T. said no one knew what they could do till they tried, and made us sit down again. The remains of our provisions were once more produced, and, somehow or other, we soon found ourselves attacking the sandwiches with as much vigour as ever; in fact, as Fred observed, we seemed to have made ourselves complete sandwich islanders. We were all very merry over our repast, and determined it should be the last till we got home: this I understand is the common plan—Richmond parties take a great deal of refreshment going, but very little returning.

We were seating ourselves in the boat, and were almost ready to start, when a sudden heavy plunge was heard. Julia and Wilhelmina sunk—on their seats with fright; Mrs. T. screamed delightfully; Mr. Cotton, though used to dips, stared and seemed horrified; I took off my coat, and was about to jump overboard, when Fred's head popped up alongside. I laid hold of him, and dragged him in, which made me almost as wet as himself. This was a most unfortunate conclusion to our day's pleasure. The ladies, including Mr. Cotton, were half dead with fright; the small ones crying, and Fred and I half-drowned. However, I ordered the waterman to pull ashore, and took Fred to the nearest tavern, and gave him some brandy, and put him to bed. He was none the worse for his mishap, and said, as I left him, "Tell them I'm not hurt—it's only a little additional refreshment; for, as we've finished the fowls this morning, I was obliged to conclude with a duck."

I returned to the boat, and assured them that he was very well; but it was of no avail—all our pleasure was at an end: this accident not only wetted Fred and I, but threw a damp over the whole company. We proceeded home almost in silence; and no effort of mine could rouse my companions; I shall not, therefore, dwell upon the termination of our excursion. I left the ladies at their house with the promise of calling next morning, and made the best of my way home.

I went to bed almost immediately, where I lay dreaming all night of leaping overboard, rescuing people from watery graves, &c. &c.—so that I may say I had a swimming in my head the whole of the time.

I called the following morning on Mrs. Tomkins, and was somewhat surprised to find Fred at home, laughing and talking as well as ever. His mother was all thanks and praises for my kindness, and said to Fred, "How grateful you ought to be to Mr. —! you owe your life to him." Fred thanked me very cordially, and apologised again for his remark about the juggler, which he knew I had not forgotten. "Yes, Frederick," continued Mrs. T., "you ought to consider yourself very lucky that you had a friend who stuck to you in misfortune." "And so I do; but that is what I may say of my trousers—they stuck to me in misfortune."

After all, I am not sorry that this accident happened, as it has unexpectedly enriched my travels with an account of a water-fall.

F. B. F.

## LITERARY CURIOSITIES. NO. VI.

We left off in our last because we had arrived at a cluster of the famed Dunciad heroes, whom we did not like to separate, and who were yet too numerous to be added to that page. The first on the list is Oldmixon—

"In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,  
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;  
Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now three-score?  
Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four!'"

He is charged with attacking Addison, often reflecting on Pope, and falsifying Daniel's Chronicle in Kennet's Historians; and for these offences doomed to the line—

"Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher."

He was not, however, so bad a critic, only he offended the "big-wigs" of wit and learning of that day. His connexion with Lintot was of a very inferior cast, if we may judge by the entry—

Oldmixon.			
Feb. 30, 1715. Making ye Index to Wiquefort's	4	0	0
Embassador	3	0	0
	7	0	0

The next item is of as humble a kind, though the name of the party may be still better remembered in Pope's slaughterous as admirable satire, besides "the Curliad,"—so admirable that one would hardly care to be embalmed in it, even for a laugh—

Curli.			
March 4, 1714-15. 1/2 Share of Noy's Rights o'	3	4	6
Crown			

Pemberton and Curli.			
Jan. 5, 1715-16. 1/2 Share of West of Treasons	4	6	0

These transactions were mere booksellers' transactions between the parties; but Curli figures tremendously among the publishers of that day, and in a manner which might seem to shew, even in our time, that there is nothing so very new under the sun. *Es. gr.* of his and other periodicals, we are told that "Magazine was the common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse, where dullness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every itching scribbler; the scum of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dung-hill, under the title of Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c., equally the disgrace of human wit, morality and common sense." One might fancy the writer, of more than a century old, was describing some of the monthly, weekly, and dailies of 1833. Again, of Curli as a publisher, it is stated "that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it had ever before arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own."

Our next touches Elkanah Settle, whose name would have furnished abundant jests for the settlers of that age, had not their wit taken a higher grade than punning—a pleasantry they did not despise, but knew, as well as we do, not to be of itself sufficient to change a bore into an agreeable companion. For "The City Rattle, Sept. 8, 1711," Settle was paid 3*l.* 10*s.* The rival of Dryden seventy shillings! After writing on all sides in these distempered times, he had a booth in Bartholomew-Fair, for which he penned and acted; and died a pauper in the Charter-house.

Our next is a remarkable memorandum—

Ovid's—  
"Fletque Milo Senior, cum spectat manes  
Herculeis simul, fluidos pendere lacertos."

Mrs. Centlivre.			
May 14, 1703. Pd Mrs. Knight for Love's Con-	10	0	0
trivance, wrote by Mrs. Centlivre			
May 14, 1709. The Busy Body	10	10	0

Who "Mrs. Knight" may have been we know not; but that the author of the "Busy Body" should only have received ten pounds for that comedy is a strange proof of the low prices to which talent in necessity must submit in all ages, while its counterfeit in splendour is often flattered with most liberal encouragement. "The Wonder," the "Bold Stroke for a Wife," are among the score (19) dramas produced by this extraordinary woman, who fell early into the snares which beset beautiful and unprotected females, and lived and wrote licentiously, but was nevertheless a wonderful creature, deserving of a happier fate and better pay.

About the same period the following estimates occur—

Aug. 18, 1710. His Book of Painting	4	0	0
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25 Oct. 1712. Rogers' Voyages, one half	20	0	0
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Pd Mr. Ridpath for correcting Rogers' Voy-	5	0	0
ages—my share			

March 8, 1709. 3d Sh. of Fair Quaker of Deal.	6	13	4
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Sept. 22, 1714. An Ode to the King	12	18	0
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July 30, 1709. Lady Chudleigh's Defence	1	1	6
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Dec. 17, 1711. 7th Share of his Voyages, bought	7	3	0
of Mr. Gosling			

March 11, 1705-6. Phædra & Hippolitus	50	0	0
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Feb. 22d, 1736-7. Misc. Poems	25	0	0
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Here we find an "Ode to the King," by Croxal, the author of the "Fair Circassians," in imitation of the "Song of Solomon," worth fifty-eight shillings more than the "Busy-Body"! and five times as much paid to Smith for his "Phædra and Hippolitus"! and to another Smith, afterwards, we find a still more extraordinary payment—

Dec. 31, 1726. The Rival Doctors	105	0	0
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Will not our readers, after this, stare more at the next quotation than they otherwise would have done, even from its own proof of the contemporary valuation of two tragedies which are familiar to them. Lo!—

Dec. 12, 1713. Jane Shore	50	15	0
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Apr. 27, 1715. Jane Gray	75	05	0
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Jane Gray, one-half as much again as Jane Shore! And look at the following—

Apr. 26, 1736. The Assembly, a Poem	15	15	0
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Feb. 14, 1718-19. Chit Chat	84	0	0
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Nov. 18, 1736. Mr. Hart's Misc. Poems	30	0	0
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No. VII. and last in our next.

## DRAMA.

## HAYMARKET.

On Thursday, Miss E. Paton repeated the part of *Polly*, and we attended particularly to her performance, in order to determine whether we, or others, were most correct in the appreciation of her capabilities for the stage. We now say she has a voice of a very fine quality, especially in the lower notes; and that she possesses very considerable facility of execution, together with that self-possession which results from a certainty of being able to achieve what she attempts. But her *Polly* is too boisterous, and too full of display. It is Miss E. Paton shewing the audience how cleverly she can run divisions, and what power of lungs she can command—not Gay's *Miss Peachum*. There

is scarcely a song in the character which ought not to be sung in a subdued voice, and she gave them nearly all *fortissimo*. In this, however, she only resembled her most famous predecessors and contemporaries; and, on the whole, we venture to pronounce her the most promising *débütante* that has appeared for a long while. We must not look for genius every day; and as to good taste, that seems to be the rarest commodity of all amongst our singers.

## VICTORIA.

On Friday evening a drama called *The Castle of Lochleven*, founded on Scott's novel of the *Abbot*, was produced here with complete success. It follows the original with much accuracy, only that a more theatrical termination is produced, by the death of *George Douglas*, who is shot in securing the escape of the queen. The plot being well known, and the language taken as much as possible from the work itself, we need only observe, that it is well arranged for the stage, and that the scenery, particularly a view of the castle by moonlight, is very beautiful. The characters were all well sustained. Mr. Wood was a very *espigle* page, and Miss Lee looked as pretty in *Catherine Seyton* as she had previously looked in *Helen*. Very young, and as yet unpractised to the stage, there is a degree of taste and feeling about her which more than confirms our augury of her future success. With a sweet voice and graceful figure, she has only to cultivate her natural advantages; she cannot have a better model than the accomplished actress who now treads the same stage. We never witnessed a greater improvement than has taken place in Miss Jarman since we first saw her on the London boards. We can now quite understand the enthusiastic praises of her Edinburgh admirers. Her originally good voice has acquired so much richness and pathos, and the feeling that was always her own (the only material wherewith to work) has now the full mastery of expression. She walks the stage well, and has (what so few English actresses have)—quiet; she understands the value of repose. Her *Mary Queen of Scots* is an exquisite historical picture, full of that general sweetness, mingled with occasional dignity, which is recorded of that unfortunate princess—unfortunate in all things, but most unfortunate in not remembering that follies are always more severely punished than faults. The celebrated scene, taken almost verbatim from the *Abbot*, where she signs the parchment of abdication in obedience "to the sign-manual of Lord Lindsay," was perfect. Again, when the first attempt at escape is frustrated, her change of manner from almost tenderness, when touched as a woman would be touched by the devotion of *George Douglas*—from this to the sudden remembrance of what she owed to her rank (only, however, recalled to her memory for his own safety), was given with the most natural gradation of sentiment. "I command you!" well merited the applause which it received. She was admirably supported by *Abbott* as *George Douglas*, who threw into his performance that tone of exalted romance, that poetry of homage to beauty, that deep interest, which makes this character one of Scott's most ideal conceptions. *Dryfesdale* (Mr. Doyne), the Calvinistic steward, is ill fitted for the stage; but a novel part was introduced, a Scotch attendant, full of proverbs and songs, which Mr. Latham enacted with great spirit.

The *Hunchback* has also been produced here, and very effectively; it merits a theatre where it can be seen and heard, consequently felt and understood. Miss Jarman's *Julia* at least



equals any that we have seen; it is a slight touch to mention, but what could be more feminine or graceful than the pretty consciousness with which she picks her flowers to pieces in the first scene with *Clifford*? Miss Lee made her debut as *Helen*, and looked and played very sweetly: neither was she inferior to any of her predecessors. Abbot, as usual, made *Modus* completely his own; all others that we have seen support the character overdo it, and exaggerate into silliness what is very simplicity—want of knowledge of society, not want of spirit. We conclude by observing that the Hunchback lost none of his original attraction in Mr. Warde's hands. *Richard III.* has also been played here, with much ability.

*French Play.*—On Wednesday evening, the King's Concert-Room was opened with a series of performances for the benefit of a meritorious but unfortunate French author—M. Mars. *Heur et Malheur*, and other pieces, were respectably represented; and we trust the receipts were productive.

### VARIETIES.

*Botany.*—In 1822 the Botanic Garden at Madrid, then under the charge of Professor Gasca, received the collections made by the celebrated Mutis, during 40 years in the finest regions of South America. The drawings, which are executed in the most exquisite manner, exceed 4000. It is sincerely to be hoped, that some plan may be devised by which these treasures may be made available to the scientific world.

*Music.*—Miss Linwood, of Birmingham, has entirely written and composed an oratorio, called "David's First Victory;" of which, upon its first performance at St. Paul's Chapel there, the provincial journals speak in terms of very high admiration. It is certainly a great work for a female musician, and the first of the kind we remember to have heard of.

*Not the Last Man.*—London has seldom been so deserted as at present. A leader of the *haut ton*, passing through the other day, was invited to dinner by a friend similarly circumstanced. His characteristic reply was—"My dear —, I can't dine with you to-day, having promised to dine with the other man in town. Yours —."

*Leslie*, the admirable painter, left us for America on Wednesday, having received an appointment from his government, to superintend a national institution for military drawing near New York.

*Improvement in Brick-making.*—An important improvement has, it is stated, been made in the manufacture of bricks, by using pulverised coke, in the proportion of 1½ inches over one foot of solid brick earth, instead of the large quantity of ashes hitherto employed in burning the brick.

We understand that the editorship of the *Knickerbocker* has passed into the hands of Mr. Flint, a gentleman whose name and talents are well known and appreciated on this side the Atlantic. His story of "the Backwoodsman" is one of the most beautiful and touching of American fictions.

### Inscriptions on the Walls of La Chartreuse.

"Dans la solitude Dieu parle au cœur de l'homme, et dans le silence l'homme parle au cœur de Dieu."  
In solitude God speaks to the heart of man, and in silence man speaks to the heart of God.

"Une heure seule, elle est déjà passée!"  
An hour strikes, it is already past!

"A ta faible raison garde-toi de te rendre, Dieu t'a fait pour l'aimer, et non pour le comprendre." Judge not God's works, by thy weak reason scanned, Made but to love him, not to understand.

*Wonders in Natural History: From the Provincial Press.*—A trout caught in the Tay near Perth, in endeavouring to milk a cow had bitten a teat off its udder, as was proved by its being found in the trout's belly.—*Scotsman*. A horse, the property of Mr. Gyde, refused to be drowned at Painswick, though in travelling, without a guide apparently, he fell (and backwards, too!) 30 feet into a draw-well, and lay in the water at least six or eight hours.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

*Artificial Incubation.*—Some successful experiments have been made abroad by using the hot water from natural springs. We recommend the subject to the attention of our friends at Bath and elsewhere. Uniformity of temperature may be thus insured at a trifling expense. Why should not conservatories and houses close to hot springs be warmed by means of the water, which could be made to circulate in pipes?

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Twenty Minutes' Advice on the Eyes, and the means of preserving the Sight, by a Retired Oculist.

Kidd's Picturesque Companion to Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, and Hastings; with Original Designs by G. W. Bonner.

Lectures on Christian Ethics; or, Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation, &c., delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, D.D.

Dictionary of the Terms employed by the French in Anatomy, Chemistry, Physiology, &c. &c., by Dr. Shirley Palmer.

A new Work, by Miss Montgomery, author of "Lights and Shadows of German Life."

Compendium of Osteology; with an Account of an improved Method of preparing Bones for Osteological Purposes. By Dr. George Witt.

Vol. II. (and last) of Humming-Birds, with upwards of thirty coloured Plates; forming Vol. III. of Jardine's *Naturalist's Library*.

The Fifth Part of the New Translation of the Holy Bible, from the pure Hebrew only, by John Bellamy.

British Tariff, for 1833-4; with the Consolidation of the Laws of the Customs, just enacted, by Robert Ellis, Esq. Principal Computer, Custom-house, London.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Laws relating to the Poor, being a Supplement to Bost and Nolan's Treatises, by J. T. Pratt, Esq. 15s. bds.—Songs of the Press, and other Poems relating to the Art of Printing, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Pindar, in English Verse, by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Ware's Sunday Library, Vol. II.; "Life of Howard," 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Harper's Family Library, Vols. II. and III.; "Indian Biography," by Thatcher, 18mo. 10s. cloth.—L'Echo de Paris; a Selection of Familiar Phrases, by M. Le Page, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Alfred Croquell's Portfolio, oblong, 2s. 6d. sewed.—Hawker's Collection of Tunes for the Wesleyan Hymns, oblong, 18s. hf. bd.—Freeman's Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex Farmer's Book, folio, 8s. 6d. hf. bd.—Popular Encyclopedia; reprinted from the American Translation of the "Conversations Lexicon," Vol. I. Part I. royal 8vo. 12s. cloth.—The Autobiography of John Galt, Esq. with a Portrait, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. bds.—Sermons, by the Rev. R. W. Hamilton, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Memoir of John Adam, late Missionary at Calcutta, 12mo. 6s. bds.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 12	From 43. to 63.	29.64 to 29.93
Friday... 13	... 37. ... 61.	29.89 ... 29.84
Saturday... 14	... 36. ... 66.	29.92 ... 29.84
Sunday... 15	... 34. ... 67.	29.86 stationary
Monday... 16	... 40. ... 64.	29.73 ... 29.67
Tuesday... 17	... 43. ... 63.	29.51 ... 29.69
Wednesday 18	... 41. ... 63.	29.71 ... 29.62

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the 12th, 13th, and 15th, generally cloudy; with frequent rain.  
Rain fallen, .675 of an inch.  
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. C. is informed, that there are many more pigs than tests already.

*Sugar.*—In August 1832, we inserted a notice of a new mode of preparing Sugar, but have lost the address of the party who sent us the sample. We should be glad to be furnished with it.

Alpha's lines are pretty for a youth, but too much epithet, and some other faults, such as "a-flying,"—the rhyme "firmament," &c.

We cannot spare a corner for the lines on "Hollington Church."

ERRATUM.—Page 545, col. 1, line 6, for "Bishop Maul," read "Bishop Mont."

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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September 1833.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

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September 16, 1833.  
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and Memoir of this venerated Lady is published in Part IV. (new edition) of the National Portrait Gallery. The Portrait is engraved by W. Finden, Esq. from the original Painting by T. Packerall, Esq. R.A. in the possession of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.

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